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A/N

I would like to start off with a few things to bear in mind before you read onward...

First off, I have recently returned to Warriors after all these years cause I gave up the series after finishing TNP (ik shocking). Which means that my writing may be "rusty" and I might mess up the timeline and if I do, I apologize.

Second, I'm gonna make spottedleaf, spotted "paw", when she meets Tiny (Scourge) cause I want to. I think she was an apprentice in Spottedleafs heart which I heard messed up the timeline a bit and it's a bit controversial for a "certain" topic. Honestly from what I heard, they handled her character poorly and her relationship with Thistleclaw was gross.

Scourge may be old but he ain't as old like master pedoclaw or Firepaw the 10 yr old. Oh yea did I mention that I really hate the romance with Firestar and Spottedleaf to the point where Firestar would ditch Sandstorm for a dumb med cat. Probably why I gave up this series years ago or because TNP was boring or both, Starclan will never know...

Anyway enjoy my snooze fest of a story that I hope I won't make it creepy or uncomfortable like some other story. Hmm

Chapter 1

Spottedpaw woke up with jolt when she realized that today was the day when she starts her apprentice training. She padded out of the apprentice's den and gave her shoulder a quick lick before she padded to her mentor Thrushpelt who was already waiting for her beside the gorse tunnel.

"Are you ready?" He meowed with a tranquil look on his face.
"Yes Thrushpelt I'm ready" she tried to sound determined but came off as an enthusiastic squeak.

Thrushpelt chuckled "Ok don't get your tail all bristled up, we'll go now."

(SOME MOONS LATER)

"Let's start off with our hunting abilities again shall we, and go on from there, now let's see your hunting crouch"

Spottedpaw crouched down and began to slowly pad forward and was met with a bitter laughter. "Almost, concentrate more on your balance since you're putting a lot of your weight to the left side."

"Sorry Thrushpelt" she mewed

"No need to be sorry, you just have to focus that's all" he mewed calmly.

"Thrushpelt that's no way to train a new apprentice" a new voice interrupted.

Spottedpaw turned to see Thistleclaw and his apprentice Tigerpaw who was grinning his teeth at her.

"You do not have judgement over how I teach Thistleclaw" Thrushpelt mewed with a firm voice.

"Perhaps, but it doesn't help that you're treating her like some kind

of kit or worse a *kittypet"* Thistleclaw mewed the last word with a snarl in the end.

Spottedpaw knew that Pinestar left his clan to be a kittypet not too long ago and his departure still left the clan fractured and heartbroken. She didn't understand why any cat would want to live in a twoleg nest where they are confined and almost locked in there for their entire life. 'Who knows I'm just glad that I'm training to be warrior in Thunderclan and that is all that matters' Spottedpaw thought.

"The only way an apprentice will learn the right way is if they learn it themselves" Thistleclaw snarled breaking her train of thought.

"That's hardly logical Thistleclaw, no apprentice has ever self taught themselves to become a warrior let alone a leader like Sunstar. That is why we have what is called mentors Thistleclaw." Thrushpelt retorted back.

"I'm training to be a warrior and Thistleclaw barely even taught me." Tigerpaw smirked with his head held high.

"Weeelll good for you Mr goody two paws" Spottedpaw altercated back voice held high.

"Look you see, she's good enough to take care for herself" Thistleclaw smirked uneasily.

Something about it made Spottedpaw uncomfortable and made her pelt twisted in knots like she could pass out anytime now but she held her ground.

"Fine, if you're so sure that she'll come back with enough prey to feed the whole clan then be my guest" Thrushpelt answered almost immediately after.

A look of satisfaction and approval came from the gray-white tabby tom and simply padded away with his apprentice. Flicking his tail for Spottedpaw to join in which she reluctantly padded with. As she did so a soft mew came behind.

"Remember what I taught you Spottedpaw" Thrushpelt mewed with

a bit of worry in his voice.

Spottedpaw merely nodded and padded to Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw who were three fox lengths away already and she pelted forward.

The three were padding around until Thistleclaw stopped and turned to Spottedpaw to go the direction near the twolegplace since there's a lot mice there and Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw go near upstream towards Sunningrocks to which Spottedpaw agreed and padded to twolegplace. Once she saw the border she started to sniff and inhaled any mouse scent or prey of any kind till she detected a plump vole that was near its small burrow. She crouched, remembered what Thrushpelt said and stalked forward towards the prey with no indication that it knew her presence before it was too late when she pounced forward and grabbed the vole by the neck and with a single *pop* it was dead. She dug her prey in a small hole and let out a small sigh, taking in all the forest but then held her breath when suddenly she herd a small mew coming from the distance just beyond a big bush. She let her curiosity over come her and she padded to the direction of the noise which was getting louder each time. 'Is that the sound of a tom? Boy he sounds excited' Spottedpaw thought as she heard the cheering and shouting of a tomcat. When she came into view to investigate, she saw a small black tom on the ground rolling around laughing to the point that tears came out of him.

"Ha ha take that you weird looking bird with wings, I could have cut them off for you if I had to." The black tom mewed staring off to the sky.

Spottedpaw couldn't help but giggle at the tom to which he realized the pretty tortoise-shell she cat with amber eyes. Spottedpaw watched as she gazed into his ice blues making her pelt feel warm and angsty she felt relieved when he spoke before she felt hot with embarrassment.

"Oh man did you see that, I chased off an owl thinking I was its next prey. Stupid thing only has one brain cell and still can't even use it properly" the black tom mewed with gleaming eyes.

"No I didn't see, but from what I heard coming from my direction it sounded like a lot commotion coming from here" she chuckled awkwardly.

"I haven't got your name yet, mine's Tiny" Tiny mewed with excitement in his eyes.

"I go by Spottedpaw" she said awkwardly 'Gah why am I acting so weird'

(A/N: Just to clarify I don't know why I should but I should. I think Tiny is like 8 moons and she likes 7 or somethin so dont worry I ain't weird I swear T_T)

Spottedpaw couldn't help but notice a one white sock on his paw and a purple collar around his neck
'Oh no he has a collar of a kittypet.' She knew how Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw felt about kittypets and she also knew that Tiny would be in grave danger if they find him. Before she thought further he interrupted.

"That's a nice name Spottedpaw nice to meet you" Tiny mewed with a hint of boastfulness in his voice.

"It's nice to meet you too Tiny but I think you should leave it's not safe for kittypets to be this deep in the forest" she mewed back glancing behind her to see if any patrols have found the two.

"I keep hearing that word "kittypet" what does it mean?"

"It's what you are. A cat that lives with twolegs and the collar is a dead giveaway and like I said it's not safe for you to be here and I suggest to go back before a patrol finds yo-"
Before she could finish, a small branch cracked and she smell a patrol of three cats coming her way.

Chapter 2

"Oh no, a patrol is coming this way come on hide somewhere quick." She flicked her tail for Tiny to follow and was relieved when he cooperated. She quickly glanced at an old fox den. The faint smell of fox was next to none, so she seized the opportunity and forced Tiny in, just in time for the patrol to arrive.

"Spottedpaw? What are you doing this far off? And where is your mentor?" Bluefur questioned with a confused look on her face.

Thistleclaw and Tigerpaw were with Bluefur too with grins so huge that they may as well trail off from the their muzzles. "Spottedpaw you know better than to run off all by yourself." It was Tigerpaw to speak.

"Very disappointing Spottedpaw, you should have known better than to wander near twolegplace unless that was your intention?" Thistleclaw ended his sentence with a smirk after showing a sorry expression.

"Wait but you told me t-"

"No no no I don't want to hear more excuses, the clan is probably worried sick that you just disappeared from existence. Your family must feel terrible!" Thistleclaw mewed.

Spottedpaw flattened her ears and dropped her tail to the ground obviously ashamed of what she did. "Now is not the time to chatter. We must get back to camp immediately." Bluefur intervened.

But before they headed out, Spottedpaw wanted to make an excuse to stay for a bit and said, "Wait I buried my catch somewhere over at those bushes over there. Can I get them? I'll make it back to camp safely."

"Should we listen to her? She may be tricking us." Thistleclaw mewed with suspicion in his distinct muzzle.

"You're being ridiculous at this point Thistleclaw." Bluefur turned to Spottedpaw "Yes Spottedpaw you may get your catch, we need all the prey we can get."

"Thank you Bluefur." Spottedpaw bowed with Bluefur giving her a nod and a grunt from Thistleclaw.

With that the three patrolling cats sprang out while Spottedpaw fetched her catch before going to Tiny that was hopefully not mouse-brained to move or make a ruckus. "Hey Tiny?"

"Have they gone?" Tiny peaked his head out of the fox den and finally Spottedpaw was able to breathe after holding her breath for what felt like moons.

"Alright now head back to your twoleg nest, I'm sure your owners may be worried sick about you." She glanced back every so often.

"Ok, not like they care anyway." Tiny put his head down after muttering his thoughts out loud.

To which Spottedpaw's anxious and nervous face turned to a more concerned look "What do you mean? don't all twolegs love their kittypets?"

"Yeah well nobody really wants a runt like me and my litter mates keep bullying me for it. I mean what's the point when you can't even find someone to be friends with." Tiny started to feel a small shape of tears forming and Spottedpaw couldn't take more of this and chose her next words carefully. She grabbed his one white paw jolting him by surprise and looked at his icy blue eyes with her amber eyes and mewed,

"I'll be your friend."

Tiny wiped one tear before replying back "re-really?"

"Yea why not, everyone's gotta need a friend sometimes."

"Wow thank you Spottedpaw how about we meet here again tomorrow if that isn't a bother to you." He put his head down and uncomfortably shifted his paws.

"Of course Tiny but it will be difficult given that I may be punished for something I didn't want to do." She muttered to herself in the end. Though didn't realize she said it out loud.

"What are you saying?" He tilted his head in confusion.

"Oh it's just that Thistleclaw told my mentor Thrushpelt that he should let me hunt by myself because I would learn better by doing that. Then he has the audacity to pretend like he didn't do anything and when I get back that's exactly what will happen." She lashed out.

Once she was finished, she glanced up, noticing the thoughtful look Tiny gave her and simply nodded his head, wanting her to continue which she did.

"I mean I just really hate that tom and I hate his apprentice even more but I try to be nice even though it never works." She dropped her head down.

"I see nothing wrong with you being nice." He smiled and once her amber eyes met his icy blue eyes he continued. "I think it's what makes who you are and do you think that a bully is gonna put you down or change who you are? I hope not! Because Spottedpaw, right now I think you are perfect with little to no flaws in you."

Spottedpaw felt her cheeks starting to feel hot and her pelt was flaming with no reason as to why she did. But if it couldn't get any worse he bumped his nose to hers closing both their eyes, and almost all her emotions and worries were gone and came back in just a mere second. He pulled his muzzle away and opened his eyes to meet hers. "You have beautiful eyes Spottedpaw."

"Um thank you." She whispered with her eyes to the icy blues not knowing what just happened in a short amount of time.

"So we meet here at moon high tomorrow?" Tiny mewed.

"Yea moon high sounds good." She smiled only to have a nervous grin instead.

Before long Tiny padded back to his twolegplace making

Spottedpaw take in all the air and just recuperating on what in Starclan's name just happened. She remembered what she'll face once she got back to camp.

Chapter 3

[image]

(lol I just thought the song in the top would be funny to put, it's a good vibe a lil bit like daft punk).

Spottedpaw sprinted through the whole forest to the gorse tunnel then to the camp entrance. To her surprise it was Sunstar talking with Thistleclaw and Thrushpelt and when they noticed Spottedpaw, they all began to pad over to her.

"Spottedpaw, what is this I hear that you went hunting all by yourself?" Sunstar questioned with an eyebrow raised.

Before she could respond though she saw her mentor shake his head at her and Thistleclaw glared at her almost as if to say 'I dare you to tell the truth.'

"I guess I was caught up with hunting that I forgot I was all by myself." She mewed which was a little more than a whisper.

"Apprentices these days, they may be persistent and full of energy but they can never commit themselves to follow the rules." Thistleclaw made his mew almost like annoyance than a statement.

Thrushpelt was now glaring at Thistleclaw with dismay and frustration but knew talking back to the arrogant tom would not justify anything or anyone. Spottedpaw was let go by Sunstar with a warning in which she was grateful for but was cut back with a long yawn and knew that it had been a long day so she decided to head to the apprentice's den for some sleep. But she couldn't.

She kept thinking about that small black tom with those *icy* blue eyes. She couldn't help but felt drawn in by them, they felt so cold but gave her a warm feeling and 'ah I gotta stop thinking about him, but how?'

(*Fast forward to tomorrow night)*.

Tonight was the night to meet the strange black tom and she wondered what will happen tonight or if he would be there at all but she'll have to take the risk. When nobody was looking and she crept carefully to not disturb anyone or alert the guard at the camp entrance.

It didn't take long till she reached the exact area and while she waited she started to groom herself so she could look extra good when he comes. Then without warning a rustle came from a bush that was to her right side and a tinkling sound before she met the ice eyes that she got out of her head when his black pelt came into form and he seemed nervous like her it seemed.

They were just staring at one another unable to move or speak until Tiny broke the silence, "I'm glad you came Spottedpaw. I thought you would never come."

Spottedpaw chuckled trying to hide the blush in her face "what are friends for."

"I don't know I never really gave it much thought since everyone I knew always looked down upon me." Tiny sighed.

"How so? is it what you said about your littermates?"

Tiny only gave a small nod before looking down and she could hear him cursing to himself 'probably because of his size.'

"Well you can tell them about the owl you fought yesterday" she mewed trying to sound cheerful but just came out forced.

"Maybe, but they would never believe me because I'm a *runt*."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing, how down he was but she knew better than to put pity on him since he may hate that instead of words, so she padded up to him and gave him a lick on the cheek to which he blushed hard and padded back to her clan.

"Maybe I'll see you tomorrow and we can talk more."
She glanced back at him.

"S-s-s-sounds good." He stuttered 'bah I sounded like an imbecile' he

thought back in his head.

Spottedpaw only giggled and padded back to camp. Her new friendship with the kittypet Tiny had now begun.

Chapter 4

(6 MOONS LATER) *oh ye top pic is one of my cats

During the many moons that followed, Tiny and Spottedpaw met at the same spot each night and just having a conversation whether it was about themselves and their weaknesses or what happened during the day. Tiny remembered Spottedpaw talking about the forest cats and how they earn their name by becoming "warriors" and serve to protect their clan. Tiny was taken aback and thought in awe on how these clan cats work and with a pretty she-cat like Spottedpaw there, he thought that these clans were more than he could ask for.

Tiny noticed that it was almost moonhigh and he couldn't wait to burst out of his twoleg nest. He thought bitterly that Spottedpaw only thought of him as a friend still even after all this time but he didn't care. Her mere presence and sweet smell was perfect enough for him. He was about to leave when an old mew came from behind him.

"Where are you going?"

"Huh, oh mother I just wanted to get some fresh air outside." Tiny flicked his tail in greeting.

His mother Quince was getting old and ever since Socks and Ruby left to be with their new owners it had been peaceful around and he was scared from what Ruby said to him a long time ago about unwanted kits being thrown in the river but he remembered what Spottedpaw said to him afterwards when he had no one else to turn to.

"I'm not sure how twolegs treat their kittypets but I know that they would do anything to protect them no matter what it may cost. And Tiny if it was up to me I would protect you with my life."

She had so much affection in her voice that Tiny would always get

lost in his own thoughts just thinking about her. He didn't notice that Quince was waving her paw over his face seeing if he was alive or not.

"Tiny you don't look well, perhaps we should take you to the vet." Quince mewed with concern.

"No ma I'm fine I just need a breather that's all." Tiny flicked his tail that he didn't want to talk anymore and padded to the pet door before Quince said something that made him come to a full stop.

"Is it that young she-cat, you keep meeting?" Quince smirked.

"How long have you known?"

"About 4 moons but I'm guessing you knew her longer than that, I must say you two really enjoy each other's company. Tiny, do you have feelings for her?" Quince teased.

"What no, we're just friends if we were together we would be all cuddly and smoochen and ew- Ma can you please not spy on us just for the sake of your own enjoyment." He mewed with heavy annoyance.

Quince laughed "ok fine I won't stalk just be careful Tiny, when you do go far and please by all means always make her happy even if you both stay as friends or go further on your relationship."

Tiny rolled his eyes "alright but I promise you we are just friends and nothing else." Was that a hint of sadness in his voice and he hated the fact that his mother noticed as she gave a concerned look but thought nothing more as he padded to the meeting place where she was patiently waiting. But instead of pouncing to her instantly he instead wanted to observe her beautiful tortoise-shell pelt as it glows in the moonlight and her ambers eyes shining as bright as gold, 'wait what's gold?'

"Spottedpaw!"

"Oh Tiny I was getting worried that you may have fallen ill or worse." She padded to him and started giving him a few worried licks.

"No I'm fine." He tried his best not to blush. "So what do you want to talk about today? anything new happen in thunderclan?"

"Well actually I was hoping that we could maybe take a stroll around the forest... if you're up for it."

Tiny licked his paw before saying "sure" and they both smiled padded deeper into the forest. Tiny was a bit confused as to where she was taking him 'hopefully not the thunderclan camp, but why would she when she always warned about the what they did with kittypets?' So he tried his best to put his full trust into Spottedpaw until they came into a stop near a river bank as she sat down and watched the river while Tiny came to sit right next to her.

Other than the rushing waters of the river bank it was only silence and Tiny already felt awkward and wanted to break the silence before Spottedpaw interrupted. "The nights always seem to be the most beautiful especially the sky what do you think Tiny?"

Tiny gave her a nod and stared down the river when he was taken aback in horror as he saw his reflection in the river. It was his face, he knew that, but he looked scarred with dog and cat teeth on his collar and what seemed like reinforced claws on his forepaws. Before he could get in a state of panic Spottedpaw turned his head to her with her tail as he snapped back to reality and faced her amber eyes.

"Tiny are you ok? Is there something you want to talk about?"

She looked so sad and worried with a bit of nervousness for him. He always hated how everyone felt pity when he never wanted it but thought better to keep his arrogant ego aside, before he thought further Spottedpaw used her forepaw to grab Tiny's head to her chest.

Tiny was caught stupefied and gasped in shock as he took in her sweet scent, while feeling her breath in his ear. He calmed down after a while and back away a little to meet her gaze. "You feel any better?"

"Um, yea, k-kinda I mean... it felt good and relaxing but... you

didn't need to do that." He gave a stone cold expression.

Tiny noticed her ears droop down and tail side to side assuming that she felt ashamed or regretted it then she started to sob. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable I just wanted you to feel happy."

"What are you talking about?" Tiny gave a sudden concern in his face.

"I mean whenever I look at you, you always look down and somewhat depressed, I just wanted you to feel..." Spottedpaw sobbed more, embarrassed, she sprinted away back to her camp to which Tiny couldn't help but feel dumbfounded by everything that just happened but more so that Spottedpaw felt the need to comfort him leaving Tiny now heartbroken that he may have just ruined a great moment for them. Left sitting there he again glanced back to the water to which the reflection he saw earlier replaced with a face he hopefully assumed was him.

Chapter 5

[image]

(Content warning!!!! Don't worry I won't go extreme but I think it's important that I must address before anyone reads ahead. This will probably be my longest chapter and probably the most toughest chapter to make. After reading more on spottedleafs heart, I was literally taken aback by how vile it was. Especially for a book marked towards young children.
Now in my au Spottedleaf has no feelings for Thistleclaw or rusteze I mean Firepaw (who will come later don't worry), and first off nobody should ever be in a relationship like Spottedleaf was with Thistleclaw and there's no way I'll ever write something like that. I'm not making this chapter cause for the sake of plot drama, for entertainment or that cliche writing of forbidden love but I might be contradicting myself cause this book is literally all about forbidden love so...

I just wanted to make something that the Erin's couldn't and that is getting something right.

It will have thistle trying to manipulate Spottedleaf that they should be together but nothing beyond that but if you feel like this will make you uncomfortable or you don't understand not saying dumb but maybe a lil confused then please by all means skip this chapter...
Thank you for understanding.) -scourgeisking

Spottedpaw ran as fast as her forepaws could take her and her hind legs could push. 'Why did I do that?? Of course he would be weirded out from that, we're just friends how could I be so mouse-brained.' Her thoughts were all clouded with Tiny as she came close to the camp entrance and was taken by surprise as Thistleclaw hummed behind with a broad smile on his face. "What are you doing out so late my sweet? Don't you know pretty she-cats could be caught or worse killed at the *moonlight*?"

Spottedpaw was nonplussed for a heartbeat until she regained her memory and took in Thistleclaw's words; she began to feel offended. "Don't talk to me like I'm some sort of lousy kit Thistleclaw, I can handle myself thank you very much."

"Ah but you didn't answer my first question, what were you doing out so late?" His broad smile quickly turned into a dark irritated growl which made Spottedpaw shrink with fear trembling from his burning gaze seeping through her pelt. Just when things couldn't get worse Thistleclaw leaned forward to her which made her more fearful and trepidation.

He whispered into her ear, "I know what you did, seeing you with that black pelt runt you keep seeing."

Spottedpaw looked up to Thistleclaw still trembling with fear, "H-h-h- how did you know?"

"Oh please you're not as slick as you seem my pretty young ." He then started to lick her ear and whispered, "let's make a deal you will show me affection and love, in return I will not tell the clan what you did; you will also not see the runt ever again."

Spottedpaw was in more shock, now more angry than fear and pulled back away from him, "How dare you say such a thing! Me being with you?!? In your dreams Thistleclaw, your *sick* dreams." She growled at him with her lips curled up and fur bristling.

Thistleclaw made a fake appalled look but just a heartbeat later became stern with an expressionless face. Just then he grabbed by the scruff and dragged her to the gorse tunnel and to the leaders den while Spottedpaw protested with shrieks and squeals, "Yes my dear keep screaming so that the whole clan could hear."

Her mind was now filled with anguish, distraught, and anger, 'this cannot be happening this is all just a bad dream. I will wake up in the apprentice den and go about my day like any other.' Alas it didn't and she knew that this was not a dream or more less a nightmare but reality. Almost half the clan was out with tired anger coming from them while they curse under their breath confused as to what is happening. Sunstar came out of his den

shortly after obviously as puzzled and confused as everyone else. It wasn't until Thistleclaw cleared his throat and blurted what was happening, "Great and powerful leader I stand before you nothing more than a message-carrier to you; as this apprentice who is standing before us has most likely brought trouble and turmoil to this clan."

Shocked gasps came all around the camp but most were still puzzled "Thistleclaw what in the name of starclan are you talking about? What would Spottedpaw do that would develop such a craze as you say Thistleclaw? Where's your proof?" Sunstar said with an emphatic expression.

Thistleclaw only grinned in return as he cast his amber eyes down on the tortoise-shell and white she-cat, "Proof I have indeed Sunstar, just this night I saw Spottedpaw come up to a small cat but not just any cat it was kittypet!!"

The whole clearing all synchronized with flabbergasted, horrific wales of shock as they heard these words come from the spiked fur gray and white tabby. Sunstar glanced at him then to Spottedpaw before he finally speak "Spottedpaw is what Thistleclaw say is true?"

She could not bring herself to look up at her leader and it didn't help that she was in the center of the clearing as it was like shame of her. Yet she still needed to answer her leader. "Yes"

Her leader turned his gaze into a more sympathetic look and tune in his voice, he mewed, "Why? Why go out your way to meet this cat."

Spottedpaw looked around her as she saw her littermates gazing at her with shock, Thrushpelt shaking his head in disappointment, and Bluefur with a look of pity in her eyes. Spottedpaw couldn't take no more of the guilt that swelled through her veins. She pushed everyone aside and dashed out the gorse tunnel. She didn't know where her paws were taking her she just knew that it was anywhere but the camp.

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Tiny was still staring out through the distance after all that time, and was still thinking about what happened earlier. 'Does she feel the same way I feel about her?' Every time she's around he felt this hot tingle in his pelt that he couldn't seem to shake off. He then put his mind on different options he could do to get her to agree to be mates such as him joining the clan, running away together to whatever place accepts them, or... 'wait a minute what am I thinking. She clearly doesn't want to continue or proceed our relationship any further. But maybe, just maybe, I could convince their leader to be with them or I could at least try then she would want to be with me maybe be mates, have kits- well let's not get too far ahead.'

With that thought in mind, Tiny turn one glance at his reflection in the river before padding away and ran towards Spottedpaw's scent marks she left behind and followed it. He then started to detect a strong scent which became more stronger the more he padded till he collided to another cat, and they both landed on the ground; tangled with one another as they tried to regain footing. Tiny finally got up when he saw the tortoise-shell she-cat stood up shaking her pelt when she finally met her amber eyes with that of the ice blue eyes that seem to melt inside her and making her pelt hot. Nevertheless she had a longing grateful expression and another look in her face that Tiny could not identify. She started to sob and immediately padded up to him and crouched so she could nuzzle his chest fur while releasing a soft purr. "Oh Tiny... I'm sorry."

Tiny found himself dumbfounded but took comfort and tried his best not to mess up another moment in the same night with the cat he loved. He tried his best to make conversation, "Sorry for what?"

She stopped for a second before quickly mewing, "Actually I don't know I guess I went too far for forcing you to nuzzle me." She then let out more tears of hurt "I was just trying to help."

Tiny hated to see her like this and quickly responded back with, "Well now I think you need some help if you want to." He then let out a husky purr in which something clicked with Spottedpaw and nuzzled him more.

Yet she was still sobbing and Tiny knew that now it's no longer

about the situation earlier but something entirely. "What happened Spottedpaw? Please do tell me, I don't like seeing you so distressed."

His ice blue eyes met hers with concern and empathy and it took some time before Spottedpaw got to her paws and looked at him with her angelic eyes giving one last sniffle and glanced down before saying, "I-I-I, well when I was about to reach camp a Tom, Thistleclaw, he's one of our senior warriors..." she looked up at him and he gave a nod and a flick of his tail to press on, "And well, he knew what we were doing and in order for him to not tell the clan he tried to make an offer and he tried ttto..."

She stuttered in the end and sobbed once again, Tiny padded next to her and wrapped his tail around her and licked her cheek before he felt Spottedpaw gasp and back away with a scream. "NO STAY AWAY!!!"

"Spottedpaw what's wrong?" Tiny now puzzled by her sudden outburst.

"That's exactly what he did trying to take me to be his love..." She continued to sob.

"Spottedpaw what do you mean?"

"He said he wouldn't tell the clan if I would show affection towards him and love him and I don't, I hate him! I hate him with every bone in my body!!" She squealed in the end and by then she looked up seeing Tiny as surprise stole the air from his lungs leaving him breathless.

He then settled himself, but immediately was perturbed by the next thought in his mind that he tried to rid of but seeing Spottedpaw still trembling with fear it was hard not to think of it. He slowly spoke trying to choose his words carefully, "Spottedpaw don't tell me he..." He could not finish his sentence as it only made him disturbed yet it seemed like she knew what he meant and looked up at him.

"N-n-no he didn't at least for now."

"What do you mean for now?" Tiny now replaced the sick thought and trying to express compassion in his voice.

"I see the way he looks at me, I didn't think much of it before not until tonight..." she once again glanced at Tiny and mewed, "Tiny I'm scared what should I do I'm stuck in position that I can't seem to get out of."

When she stopped Tiny got enough time to consider what his next words would be as they may change what may come in the future. "Spottedpaw look at me." It took a few heartbeats until she rested her sob soaked eyes into his. "I'm glad you're sharing this with me, it's showing that you're strong and courageous, even crying, pouring out your emotions that you've been holding back. We don't need to talk I'm happy to sit by you as you gather your strength back."

It went silent for as long as Tiny could time it before he saw a glimpse of sunrise approaching. He didn't remember how long he was there with Spottedpaw but he stayed true to his word and was left only with silence. He quickly glanced at her seeing her pretty pelt as the morning son lightened with sparkling mist as it drags on to her shadow, he then stared at her beautiful amber eyes, seeing her stare down the grassy terrain; that was till she took notice of him staring before he subsequently glanced away as like he was never staring which only made her giggle. "Were you checking me out?"

Tiny now felt hot with embarrassment, so hot that it almost felt like he was right in the middle of Greenleaf as his heart beat faster and paws sheathing and unsheathing to the ground. Nevertheless he still didn't make eye contact and still looked beyond the forest, "I don't know what you're talking about." She only narrowed her eyes, obviously not buying his excuse but she looked playful. "I mean I just wanted to make sure you were alright that's all."

"Oh sure." She grinned a smile before patting him on the head and immediately got up from her haunches and stretched.

Tiny was about to complain about his head being hurt from her smack to the head before he heard rustle up in the trees; he was about to tell Spottedpaw they were being watched but before he

could she dashed right to him; closing her eyes and butted her nose affectionately to him. She then whispered under her breath while still butting her nose to his. "Thank you."

Tiny's eyes were wide open, his mind was wrapped around not knowing what was going on before being taken over by bliss, and pushed his nose against her's; closing his eyes in the process... before long, three figures came out of bush beside a large tree. Spottedpaw opened her eyes wide; ears low; as she quickly took her nose away from Tiny and looked to where there stood Thistleclaw, his apprentice Tigerpaw, and Bluefur who was in nothing but total shock by the scenery that lay right in front of her. It was Thistleclaw to speak, "Well well well, look what one of our apprentices took right out of some crummy old twoleg house. I knew you were desperate Spottedpaw but not this desperate."

Tiny put his paw on her shoulder and tale twined with her's as he stared his ice blue eyes into her's trying to calm her down and mewed, "Spottedpaw it's ok nothing will come to you I know you will get out of this just remember to tell someone... ANYONE! And never hold back your fee-"

Tiny couldn't finish his sentence as he was barreled over by the fierce apprentice Tigerpaw and pinned Tiny with one paw to his throat, "Take your filthy kittypet paws away from her." He snarled.

"Tigerpaw! Take your maggot claws away from him!!" Spottedpaw growled at him before she was taken by the scruff by Thistleclaw.

Thistleclaw leaned over to her ear causing her to again tremble in fear. "No no my dear this is a matter between Tigerpaw and the kittypet scum. *Tigerpaw,* you know what to do." He sneered.

"Yes Thistleclaw." Tigerpaw nodded his head to his mentor before taking his broad head to the tiny Tom and grinned with a snort, "So your the kittypet that gets Spottedpaw out of her nest to see. You're not that much of a catch but who am I to judge I'm not a she-cat."

Tiny now filled with boiling anger; swelling in his veins to his eyes, and positioned his hind legs to kick Tigerpaw's underbelly causing the brute apprentice to slightly fall back with a grunt. Tigerpaw

only fixed his jaws in vexation as his lips curled with a snarl. Tiny returned the snarl, fur bristling and growled with, "Come on and show me the warrior you are."

This only made Tigerpaw laugh and Thistleclaw only laughed hysterically more. Bluefur stood there watching everything unfolding, unsure if she should interfere but thought the best of it was just to watch. "I didn't know kittypets had a sense of humor but then again they cannot get out of their nests unless they eat rabbit droppings and dirty water." Tigerpaw retorted.

Before Tiny could react, Tigerpaw lunged at him and swiped at his throat blocked from his collar but his bell that came out and jingled silently as it fell to the forest floor. Tiny glanced at the bell and to Spottedpaw who was expressed with horror and tried to wriggle from Thistleclaw, revolting with hatred words. Tigerpaw took this chance from Tiny's distraction as he grabbed his throat shaking him back and forth while Tiny tried to gasp for air. Spottedpaw screamed louder and in which Bluefur interfered, "Tigerpaw that's enough!!"

Thistleclaw looked at her with disbelief, "Bluefur what are you doing? Don't you see that this fight is between Tigerpaw and the mangled filth."

"The kittypet has learned his lesson and will never again go anywhere near here."

Spottedpaw gasped "NOOO!"

"Yea kittypet run off like the coward you are and never come back because you will remember me!!!" Tigerpaw growled at the kittypet as he let go of Tiny. Tiny dashed away leaving away from a grin from Tigerpaw and a howling laughter from Thistleclaw as Spottedpaw sobbed with misery.

Thistleclaw released Spottedpaw and was immediately taken away by Bluefur licking her forehead and narrowed her eyes to Thistleclaw as she pushed Spottedpaw towards the camp. Spottedpaw continued to sob to Bluefur's shoulder. Bluefur full of sympathy put her head on Spottedpaw's head as she was still

padding to camp. "It's ok Spottedpaw, everything will be alright."

...

Chapter 6

Many moons have passed since the events of the separation between the young love-cats. Spottedpaw not long after made the decision to be a medicine cat as a way to draw herself away from Thistleclaw. Not long after however, Thistle was taken out from a Riverclan patrol but by then Spottedpaw was comfortable sticking with being a medicine cat and later got her full fledge name "Spottedleaf." Bluefur later became Bluestar and had Redtail (who was Spottedleaf's brother), be her deputy. Spottedleaf had sort of gotten over the ordeal that happened moons ago, and to her it was a distant memory of the past. But she still felt as if something was missing. Whether it would be sorting out herbs and messing up the arrangement, or just simply being lost in thought like she wanted to be held or be noticed.

But now is just not the time to reflect on past relationships because that was Spottedpaw, now it is Spottedleaf, medicine cat of Thunderclan and she will put her clan first before anything else and not one thing will even change that.

The moment Spottedleaf woke up, it felt just like any day. Just a moon ago, she got a prophecy from Starclan stating that "just as water smothers fire and cools the ground, so will the blood of an enemy end the war of wars." To what the blood to end "war of wars" as the prophecy foretell she or even Bluestar did not know. Her answers soon became clear. Lionheart and Whitestorm came into the gorse tunnel with a flame-colored pelted Tom in between. Spottedleaf had to say he had muscular features but definitely not her type as she immediately was turned off from the boastfulness and pride the Tom carries. Yet this was not just any other Tom-cat but a kittypet at that. 'Huh,' Spottedleaf thought, 'kind of reminds me of- of...'

Spottedleaf turned away and went straight to her den sorting out

more herbs as her remorse and gloomy sadness struck her once more at the thought of Tiny again, how he was the sweetest Tom she ever met. She barely even concentrated on what was going on outside her den. Apparently the young warrior Longtail, challenged the kittypet but the kittypet's collar came off signaling that Starclan accepted this young kittypet. Not many cats were pleased with a kittypet being given a privilege to train as a warrior like the others. Especially that fowl Darkstripe. He, like his old mentor Tigerclaw, whose old mentor was Thistleclaw, was no better than the others. The mere thought of Thistleclaw gave her shivers down to her lower spine as to what he did to her and *Tiny*. She tried to cheer herself up by saying some retorts back to her mind like, 'now I'm starting to be like Tiny where he always drifts away from reality to his own world. Sometimes he would drool because his consciousness was too focused on his thinking.' This little distraction made her chuckle; and brought herself back to reality, and just in time before an unfamiliar scent washed through her nose. Yet once she turned around she knew exactly who it was.

"H-h-hello I'm Firepaw and I stepped on a thorn while coming here and I was told you help things like this." The flame-pelted Tom exclaimed lifting his left forepaw to show the injury.

"Ok, but first lick the surrounding skin so we could soften the area, then I'll gently take it out." Spottedleaf calmly stated.

The young apprentice did what he was told and licked his paw then faced his paw to her direction as she put her maw on the thorn and pulled it immediately, only giving the young apprentice nothing more than a wince. Afterwards she gave him some poppyseeds to ease the pain and to prevent any further infection. "I guess you'll have to stay here for the rest of day so your wound could heal. Come, there is a nest over here."

She pointed to one of the nests she used with her patients with a flick of her tail, as the flame-colored apprentice was about to pad over to his nest he turned his head to face her as what it seems like fondness in his eyes. Spottedleaf only gave him a warm smile and a curt nod before going out of her den to retrieve more herbs but really to get out of the awkward stare. When she padded out of the gorse tunnel, Spottedleaf rolled eyes and gave a deep sigh, 'that

mouse-brain is probably gonna use all his power to get me to like him. Well I won't give him the satisfaction no doubt about it.' But then Spottedleaf stopped padding out on the forest floor and reflected on what she just said in her mind. 'Wait a minute, did that aggressiveness just come out of my mind? that's not me, I'm kind to everyone and I care for anyone that is part of my clan. Maybe it's just been a long day and a busy one at that.'

Giving herself a satisfied excuse in her head, she noticed that it was getting late and decided to collect some marigold since she was almost out of it anyway. Right then and there when she was padding back to the direction of the camp, a shriek echoed from the clearing to where she was and immediately set an alarm as she padded more quickly through the gorse tunnel before hearing the words... "REDTAIL'S DEAD!!!"
(Some moons later).

It was becoming too overwhelming for Spottedleaf. Ever since her brother "Redtail" had passed, the clan spiraled into sorrow and despair. Shadowclan is becoming a new rival for Thunderclan and they later discovered that Shadowclan had driven Windclan out of their territory. Inside the medicine den, she lied her head on her nest thinking about the prophecy she had some moons ago. 'Could Firepaw be the blood to end a war of wars as the prophecy foretold?' She thought for a second.

It seems Bluestar also sees this as he's becoming more of a warrior everyday. She also thought about the first thing the prophecy stated 'just as water smothers fire,' she had no idea what it meant whether it was literal since water does take out fire or something totally different. Spottedleaf knew too well that prophecies from Starclan are very vague and only time will tell what the answer might be.

She let out a long sigh but was cut short when a yowl echoed throughout the whole clearing and made her jump in surprise when she saw Shadowclan cats coming out the gorse tunnel, 'this isn't an attack this is a full scale war!' She thought bitterly to herself.

She then turned her gaze to the nursery where she recognized the Shadowclan cat "Clawface," and sprinted towards him. When she made it to the nursery she saw him carry Frostfur's kits in his maw

and was stunned at the sight. 'They're taking Thunderclan kits!!' She got into a crouch ready to spring at Clawface to which he only responded with a grin and made a dark mew, "you think a little pretty she-cat like you can take a big guy like me."

"Try me." She snarled.

"Very well." He settled the kits down and jumped to her taking her by surprise.

She raised her paw and swiped at his muzzle, leaving a small but visible scar on his cheek. "Aah you shouldn't have done that sweetheart."

He used his forepaws to trip her hind legs and in the process grabbed her throat with his teeth with an evil smile knowing full well that he's about to deliver the killing bite. His maw muffled as he spoke, "who knew that small, weak little cats die first."

Spottedleaf closed her eyes fearing the worst, accepting the fate that was about to come upon her... yet nothing happened and is he felt his jaws release from her as he was pulled back by another Tom she couldn't tell. Before long she heard the strange Tom snarl with a shrill and grimace voice, "small and weak eh? Let's go outside and see which one can draw blood first. Can't have the poor kits to see rain so early in new-leaf." The strange Tom glanced at the frightened kits and quickly gave in his decisions and drag the confused Clawface out of the den while Spottedleaf was still laying on the floor, still having her eyes closed not knowing who her rescuer was.

The small Tom dragged Clawface to the center of the clearing, everyone at that point stopped fighting and looked at the scene that stood in front of them. Clawface hissed, "You putrid runt, I can take you out in one blow and you'll languish miserably!"

The small Tom extended his claws revealing his reinforced claws and sneered while he released Clawface from his grasp. Clawface turned to face him before the small Tom made a snarky remark. "Well I'm not the one who's miserable isn't that right? You couldn't afford to get more she-cats in your disposal to produce more kits for

your clan so you turned to other clans kits. I may be small but I know desperation when I see it."

Clawface started to really get a good look of the small runt who had a purple collar that had teeth and claws for trophies from previous battles. He also had one white sock that seemed to differentiate his black fur other than his cold death eyes. "Shadowclan is not desparate kittypet. In case you haven't noticed our noble leader drove out a whole clan and we're ready to drive out the rest."

The Thunderclan cats had shocked expressions and it was at this time that Spottedleaf walked out the den and told the kits to stay in the den. Until she saw the tiny black Tom and Clawface facing each other. The small Tom sneered, "Noble? Everything you just said about your leader is anything but 'noble.'"

Spottedleaf finally got a clear view of the black Tom and gave a shock gasp with wide eyes of disbelief, 'no that can't be him, is it?..... Tiny?' The small Tom pressed on.

"Let me tell you the difference between the noble and the stupid. The noble thinks before he acts and doesn't take no for an answer. The stupid goes on to a senseless ambition that leads nothing but unwanted power and a corrupt mind that can, DRIVE YOU MAD." The small Tom yelled out the last part with a crazed face.

Clawface was stunned, not knowing how to react and for some reason he found himself backing away from the daring Tom. Yet the small Tom continued, "you know, there's an old nursery rhyme that one cat told me before. Said something on the line of that the symphony came from one of her mentors."

The small Tom snickered, and got up from his haunches and started to pad slowly to Clawface slowly as the small Tom started to sing the symphony that he says comes from the clans. "There are *little things that make me so happy, All I want to do is live by the sea, There are little things that make me so happy, But it's good yes it's good, it's good to be free."*

As he sung Clawface turned with his fur bristling with fear and sprinted out of the gorse tunnel with everyone staring at him as he

exited and his pelt vanishing out the forest floor. Everyone turned to the small Tom as he made a cackling laugh. "Ahh they never learn. It's almost like they're clones of each other while their followers blindly follow another blind follower."

Bluestar trembled as she remembered the chant the small Tom sang which is what her mother Moonflower sang to her and her sister when they were kits. Later, Spottedleaf said, "Tiny is that you?"

The small Tom turned to Spottedleaf. "You know my mother once said that you clan cats are a scourge on the name of all good cats, and that's who exactly who I became. Call me what I really am, *Scourge!!"*

(A/N: No more one dimensional Tiny anymore, now there is only Scourge).

Chapter 7

(The night prior)
Scourge shifted uncomfortably in his nest, after living in the twoleg streets for some time, many cats came to follow his leadership and he later formed a clan he can rule, "*Bloodclan."* After faking a fight where he defeated a dog in combat and took its tooth as a trophy, his empire rose from there and many came to him for advice. Even his brother and sister tried to gain his help after their twolegs abandoned them, but after a little hesitation he let them have some food and set them off on their own. He felt all too powerful but it wasn't enough for him, he needed more, he needed some sort of miracle to make him grow and strengthen his power.

Something or someone was disturbing his sleep but he couldn't get himself to open his eyes and see who it was. 'Must be one of those clan dreams Spottedpaw told me so long ago.' Scourge let out internal sigh remembering the pretty she-cat so long ago. But he soon replaced it with stern expression thinking that showing feelings even to these dream cats will show his weakness.

Then a silver-gray she-cat with dark stripes and yellow eyes came forth to him. Scourge wrinkled his nose as the stench of the place around him rosed as more cats came into the vision. The silver she-cat spoke first, "young Tom you have been chosen to fulfill a prophecy to not only help the clans, but save them."

Scourge pulled away and staring at them in awe and felt anger building up him. "And why should I help them? They're the ones that made me who I am."

"That's correct and we see that we should have done something to change things. But we couldn't. So we ask you now um-" She trailed off unsure what name he would rather prefer.

"Scourge, always have been and always will be." He seemed to guess

what she was thinking.

"Yes, Scourge, we have decided that the cat we have chosen in the clan was not the right one for he will only bring despair to the clans because a lot of things changed that they shouldn't. But it was out of our paws now and we cannot change the past."

Scourge now understood what they wanted. "Huh, so you're saying that I should walk into a random clan and expect them to welcome me with open paws and, I don't know become leader or something."

The silver she-cat began to feel annoyed with the black Tom, "As much as I despise your sarcasm, no, but I do know that you can pick your time perfectly. I will tell you this, that a perfect time will come, you just need to figure out when."

Scourge suspected she would tell him anyway, "When is it?"

"Tomorrow."

"Hmm, let me think ummmmm, sure why not I don't suspect that this will not be my last meeting with uh... Starclan right?"

The silver she-cat smirked, "No, in fact it's just the beginning."

"Great." Scourge rolled his eyes and snorted, before-long the dream faded.

Scourge opened his eyes to the sounds of roaring monsters passing by, and shivered in relief that the pitiful dream is over. But now he has set himself a new plan. 'If I can get the trust on those passive clan cats, I will be able to grow my army in twolegplace while also getting some in the clans to be able to drive out the clans and rule the forest they so preciously desire. The problem is, that I need to keep Bloodclan in check while also being with the clans.'

After Scourge came up with a bunch of scenarios in his head and finding solutions that may sound crazy to anyone but Scourge, since they seem reasonable or plausible to him. Bone came to his makeshift nest, "Boss, what are your orders?"

"Actually Bone we have a change of plans. I'm going to put you in

charge for a little bit till I get back." Scourge exclaimed.

"What why?" Bone asked questionably.

Scourge began to explain his plan to his deputy on how he will be able to take over the plan. "But sir isn't that a bit maniacal? Not that you already are, but this seems a bit too much of a risk with all due respect sir."

"You're right to be cautious Bone but I can't afford to see these puny cats in the streets walking about with no food. I'm tired of this place Bone. It's time for a change, time for a new beginning." Scourge stood up with his paw raised up, his reinforced claws unsheathed.

Scourge walked out of the twolegplace and left Bone to make up an explanation to his clan where he's going. It took a while for Scourge to track the Thunderclan camp since it's the only one he knew. He had a short thought about Spottedpaw but just as quickly as it appeared it vanished with another thought that came into his mind which was about his triumph on defeating the clans. But just then he caught the smell that was vaguely familiar, *he knew exactly what it was. '*Could it be?' He thought.

Scourge rushed over and glanced as he saw the tortoise-shell she-cat he remembered from his childhood and she was being grasped by big Tom. 'Nothing I can't handle, he seems easy to manipulate so I won't use my claws as much as it pains me to do so. But I need to, to get their acceptance.'

Scourge waited till he found the perfect time to strike and leap at the Tom-cat...

(Present time)

"Tiny, what have you become?"

Chapter 8

"Tiny, what have you become?" It was Spottedleaf to break the silence that surrounded the clearing. Her eyes stretched in sorrow and guilt while everyone else looked at her in confusion.

Scourge stayed persistent, flicked his ear before meowing, "Darling, what I've become has nothing to do with what I have brought to you and your incompetent companions on a certain matter."

Graypaw yelled. "Which is?"

Scourge smiled back at the gray apprentice which only sent shivers down the apprentice's spine. "Patience young one, good comes to those who put their mouths where it should be."

Tigerclaw stepped in front with a snarl. "I remember you! You were the squirmy runt we kicked out from our territory moons ago!"

The tabby Tom then turned to his leader. "Bluestar you know better than to have yet another kittypet into our clan." Tigerclaw then sent a glare to Firepaw who only gulped and tucked his tail in response.

"Speaking of mouths." Scourge half looked at Tigerclaw then at the flame-colored cat the tabby Tom was facing to and laughed grimly at his own retort before continuing, "But anyway I've gotten a message for the clan where you all sluggard cats know them as Starclan."

Bluestar fastened her eyes while the rest of the clan protested it to be "outrageous" how a kittypet from another place even got a message from Starclan. "Enough!" Silence finally met the clearing and after Bluestar gave a relieving sigh she added, "Scourge, that is your supposed name correct?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me to my den to discuss about what Starclan said to you. Lionheart, Spottedleaf, and Firepaw will come with. That is all."

She then started to pad to her den; Scourge nodded slowly, still having a smug face. "The more the merrier."

Bluestar took one glance behind her, before feeling a gag convulsing in her stomach. "And can you please stop with that face it's excruciating and it's making all of us sick to our stomach."

"Ah forgive me that my good looks are giving you the heebie-jeebies." Scourge commented with a mocking bow, feeling the heavy glares that pierce into his fur, 'Good. the more they feel defensive, the easier it would be to control the whole clan faster.'

Bluestar rolled her eyes and padded to her den while Scourge and the cats she called; began to make their way to her den.

Spottedleaf took one long last look at Scourge. She never felt so distant and petrified in her life. She noticed he glanced at her with his ice blue eyes. Nothing but a stone cold expression yet, even though his eyes weren't what they once were, the blazing glare they gave were still so captivating for her. They put her in a trance and for a moment she saw something else in Scourge's eyes but as quickly as it came, it left without a single trace.

(A couple of minutes later...)

Bluestar and the cats she called earlier settled themselves down and waited, possibly thinking that Scourge might speak first but he merely stared at each and every one of them and Bluestar had to speak up first, "Scourge, please tell about the supposed dream you've gotten from Starclan *and* what it means for us?"

"I'm more than happy to answer your questions. Ahem, it started last night when I was having the most wonderful dream, until it was overtaken by a mist and hazy clouds that formed into these shadows that resembled cats, from the past it seems."

Scourge stopped a bit, and saw how captivated the four cats were, well actually three. Scourge looked to his right, it seems the flame-colored Tom had this envious look he had. The small black Tom for the first time in a long time felt confused as to why the dumb Tom feels envy toward him. 'Well I guess I haven't been here too long to understand any of these cats problems because no doubt these extroverted fox-dungs have problems that are waiting to be revealed and right now I see two with that situation.'

He was so caught up in his own thoughts that he hadn't noticed that Bluestar was yelling his name out loud. "Scourge. Scourge. SCOURGE! Ugh Spottedleaf how did you even put up being with this Tom when he keeps drifting off to whatever world called upon him."

"Perhaps it's a side effect in the mind where he randomly starts hallucinating." Lionheart said insightfully.

Spottedleaf was looking down the whole time, shying her face from the black Tom but when Bluestar spoke up to her she glanced at the small Tom, and saw those all too familiar dilated eyes that show he was lost again. To which she chuckled and padded in front of him before she moved her head to Bluestar's direction. "I know what to do. Bluestar please forgive me for what I'm about to do."

"Spottedleaf what do you mean?" Bluestar mewed questionably.

"Well there's a way I handled this back then. Though given how much has changed, I'm not sure it will work." Lionheart and Bluestar gave each other a puzzled look while Firepaw sat in the corner watching what he thought was a horror show or his worst nightmare.

Spottedleaf leaned forward to the zoned out Tom and whispered to his ear. "Hey Tiny wake up so we can learn more about that dream of yours. Please, do it for me."

Almost instantly Scourge's eyes sharpened and was snapped back to reality not knowing what happened when he got this sharp shrivel in his stomach. What sorcery could make him gasp in so much pain, til he locked his blue eyes with the amber eyes that returned the

stare, until the she-cat blushed and padded back to where she stood.

Scourge blinked twice before shaking his head and looked between the cats that had amusement on their face. "Now Spottedleaf remember that you are a medicine cat." Bluestar mewed.

"I know, I know." Spottedleaf turned her face away from Scourge and the others but still couldn't hide her blush which only made Bluestar and Lionheart more amused.

"Alright, continue what you were saying Scourge." Lionheart persuaded.

"Oh yea, what was I saying?" Scourge said with a perplexed expression. 'How could I?!? How should I? I have no feelings for that she-cat that stands in front of me. But the way she always gets nervous is so cute- No. I am Scourge of Bloodclan. And I will not have a she-cat moon me over to change my plans entirely.'

Firepaw spoke up after being silent the whole time. "You were talking about cats from the mist came into your dream."

Scourge finally put himself back together and gave a evil chuckle before saying, "Oh right. As I was saying, one cat stepped forth a silver-gray she-cat with yellow eyes, I believe, and she told me that I must go to the clans for I am part of some great prophecy or something."

"This she-cat, did she so happen to have dark stripes and yellow eyes?" Bluestar hypothetically asked.

"Yea? Why you ask?"

"Just curious."

Scourge thinking the best of it decided to not persist her reason for asking and thought back to what happened. "Well what do you think she meant? Is this some sick joke I'm not aware of where they prowl kittypets and make them like fools?"

Bluestar was hesitant for a moment not knowing what to say to this yet, as she still needs to give the confused Tom some context. "No

Starclan would never do such a thing. Scourge. I believe you."

Firepaw turned his head to his leader with bewilderment on his face. "What?!? But Bluestar-"

"No Firepaw I've made my judgment. If what he says is true, then we do not have the place or time to ignore Starclan now. Everyone leave except Scourge."

Lionheart and Firepaw immediately rushed out of her den while Spottedleaf slowly made her way out, casting a few glances at the small Tom as she goes to which he only stared off, and not giving her the satisfaction to look at her with his own. Which made her tail drop and ears flat as she padded out the den.

Bluestar watched them go before making a long sigh as she stared at the Tom. "You were the small Tom we drove out moons ago aren't you?"

Scourge obviously wasn't expecting this with his eyes wide, but regained his coolness. "Yes I am, that day alone changed who I was before I became Scourge. The weakling that was Tiny is gone, so don't expect the same kind of sympathy I once possessed as my emotions. But you will have my obedience and respect as I owe you my life."

Feeling satisfied by this, Bluestar nodded and sent him out of her den before she left her den and stood on the highrock to call for a clan meeting.

She went on to discuss that Scourge was sent here by Starclan on a mission and that must settle in the clan and be treated like another clanmate.

"What!?!" Darkstripe yelled.

"Bluestar, is this wise?" Tigerclaw said trying to act calm.

"Yes Tigerclaw this is the right way. The only way." Bluestar looked at the small Tom and spoke up.

"Scourge you are now a full member of Thunderclan as you make

your way with Starclan with you."

Everyone was appalled but didn't argue against Bluestar's word and she left to her den.

Scourge was looking down not sure what to do before a bold mew came from his left side. "Scourge, apprentices just made bedding for you and I believe after all this time you may need some rest." Lionheart suggested.

"Ok."

As Scourge padded to the warriors den, he was aware that other cats were glaring at him as he walked in the den but said none of it. 'Cowards,' Scourge thought as he lay in his nest, dreaming about victory of taking the clans again which made him grin as he drifted off to sleep.

What he didn't realize was that a tortoise shell she-cat was standing in the entrance just staring at Tom before she smiled to herself and murmured, "I must find a way to be with him alone."

She padded away to her den to which *she* didn't realize she was being stocked too as a flame-colored Tom watched her as she majestically padded to her den. "I don't care what it takes, if I have to kill, if I have to sacrifice my role as a warrior and you being a medicine cat so be it. But no matter what, you will be mine Spottedleaf. My love."

Chapter 9

The early morning sunshine struck, overtaking the shadows as Scourge lifted his head out of the nest. Glancing around he realized that all the other warriors moved their nests away from his own to which Scourge gave a smug grin. He sat up, stretched his legs, and popped his back as he leaned over and padded out of the warriors den. He looked around and saw that the cats were still glaring at him with hostility just like yesterday. He thought that there must be a way for him to gain their acceptance, but Scourge knew not to rush and decided that time will tell.

Somewhat satisfied with his new plan, he looked all around him and took in all the scents from the cats. It was peaceful, something he never thought he would feel again after everything he's been through. So caught up in the moment he didn't see the four warriors walking up to him and sat there waiting for him to notice.

"Lionheart was right, he does drift off to the clouds a lot." Longtail mewed.

Scourge shook his head and set his eyes on the grinning Toms. Tigerclaw stepped forward and mewed. "Hush now Longtail. Scourge perhaps we got on the wrong foot. Tell me, what is that on your collar?"

Scourge took a glance at his purple collar covered in teeth and claws. "Not sure. I think of them as a warning to any cat who opposes me or challenges me."

"So like striking fear in the enemy." Darkstripe retorted.

"Yes, I know that you cats hate any cat with collars but I see it as an advantage, especially my trophies," Scourge boasted. He flexed his claws to show the reinforced dog claws on them, to which the warriors gasped a little. Tigerclaw rolled his eyes.

"I like the way you think Scourge using your faults to your advantage. Especially your biggest fault."

Scourge knew exactly what he was thinking but didn't give him the satisfaction of starting an argument as this may cause him more trouble than the warrior. The tabby Tom pressed on, "anyway allow me to introduce myself. I am Tigerclaw and these two are Longtail and Darkstripe who brought his apprentice Dustpaw with him."

Scourge didn't buy the friendly gesture from the tabby Tom as he knew he was trying to take advantage of him to gain something. Though he didn't have the faintest clue what it was. "Hm, Its nice to meet you but I can't help but feel like you're being insincere."

"Well wouldn't any cat who just joined a clan feel the same? After all you foretold of a prophecy that brought Bluestar to have her let you be accepted."

When Scourge didn't say anything the tabby warrior continued. "Anyways I was thinking that we need to make you feel settled in Thunderclan. Longtail why don't you show our new clanmate our camp. Make him feel like this is his home."

"Alright Tigerclaw whatever you say." Longtail said with half sarcasm in his words.

The other warriors stalked off and Darkstripe couldn't help but feel like bringing up a question he tried to hold back but couldn't seem to do so. He whispered, "Tigerclaw I can't help but feel that this runt isn't the one that has been chosen. I mean he wears his enemies teeth and claws as trophies!"

"Maybe he is, maybe he isn't. But I know that this is the tom that has the power in his paws."

"If that's what you say Tigerclaw."

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"And over there is the elders den. Once were warriors who served under leaders before Bluestar-"
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"Sunstar." Scourge disrupted Longtail as the memories of tales Spottedpaw or Spottedleaf once told him about thunderclan when he was the weak and puny "Tiny."

Longtail was flabbergasted and upset that Scourge recalled the name right away, while he had to remember the leader before Bluestar. "How, how did you know?"

"I'm young enough to go around, and once or twice I would hear about the clans and their ways, such as the forest cats who eat bones and kill and eat other cats."

Longtail couldn't help but feel amused by the certain comments other cats in twolegplace say about them. "Really? Can't say that I'm flattered by what kittypets such as yourself say about us."

Scourge immediately changed his expression and locked eyes with Longtail as if he were prey. *He Stopped.* And pounced on Longtail and with a swift maneuver to his back, clenched his pelt and flipped Longtail on his back in what seemed like slow motion. Within a matter of seconds, Longtail was helpless on his back with Scourge unsheathing his reinforced claws to Longtail's neck and mewed with a sinister voice as he leaned forward. He was muzzle to muzzle with the warrior. "You wouldn't believe it since you are a fragile and delicate warrior."
Scourge took his claws out of his throat and jumped off of him and licked his chest.

Longtail pushed himself up hissing at the black Tom but thought the best of it. He padded in front of Scourge. "Whatever, let's continue on our tour."

As they just about finished with the tour, Longtail's last stop was the nursery den. As they approached the den Longtail sighed, "not sure we can go here since queens are very defensive with their kits and I don't really want to put up with that at the moment."

This only made Scourge's eyes glaze over as he agreed to not disturb them. Just then four kits came out of the den and stood in front of Scourge. "You were the one that saved us from that ugly Tom," one of them squeaked.

"And Spottedleaf." Mewed a she-kit.

Just then a white she-cat ran out of the den to presumably her kits and tried to grab all of them by the scruff with her maw. "Come on kits it's time for a nap."

Longtail was lost with the words the kits said. "Wait what do you mean Scourge saved you? Frostfur did you know about this?"

"What?" Frostfur said with a puzzled shock.

A golden brown tabby Tom-kit slipped out of Frostfur's grasp, and stepped forth excitedly standing in front of the bewildered Black Tom and his mother. "Yea when Clawface had Spottedleaf by the throat. Scourge came out of nowhere and sprang to Clawface and did some kind of technique I've never seen before. And then, he dragged him out and called him 'pathetic' and 'mangled pelt' and that's where you all saw him in the middle of the clearing giving him a piece of his mind!"

'What did he mean by 'you all?" Scourge thought until he glanced around and saw that a cluster of cats came in, interested and astounded by what the kit said. Scourge couldn't take more of these cats always coming together to make a fool of him until the white she-cat spoke. "Is this true?"

Scourge sighed. "Yes, but I only did what any clan warrior would do when there's danger. Even in towlegplace I tried my best to sustain the cats there and it worked for a time."

"You're telling me you were a clan leader at your home place." A ginger tabby she-cat approached beside Frostfur. Scourge noticed something in her expression but thought nothing of it.

"Er, yea I guess you can say that."

"And so modest too." A pale gray tabby she-cat responded beside Scourge which only made him gulp.

"Ok that's enough ladies, back to your den with your kits." Lionheart ordered.

The she-cats giggled and Scourge just barely heard them whisper, "*I'm gonna find a way to get him if it's the last thing I'll do*." This only made Scourge shiver and decided to pad away ignoring Longtail's questioning, which was more like shouting, really.

He looked across the clearing and saw Tigerclaw training the apprentices and thought nothing of it until the tabby Tom pushed a black cat with a white chest to the ground with his forepaw on his head, presumably crushing his head.

No. It's coming back again . T he pain, the truth, the possibility.

*Blood- T*he first time he saw it with a heavy heart, it could quiver and confuse a blind eye from seeing it properly. It looked of melted roses coming as flusters of goo and sap as it streams down the pelt and soaks the dry ground, turning the meaning of life upside down. And yet it feels wrong

Reality- the place where no cat has desired to go as if it was like death berries formed into an action then an object of reason or calamity. And yet that is what it is. Everyone runs away from it but it keeps coming. No matter the consequences or wrongdoing it still happens as a matter of fact not fantasy. And yet it goes a wrong way.

*Death- T*he only thing that separates him and whose door is being knocked on by Scourge. It is an inescapable fire that clutches its victims like prey. Dragging it to its den where it, and the victim, are locked within crested walls and a chain. And yet the worst thing about it, is what awakens it.

'No stop! I need to stop thinking like this!' Scourge yelled to himself as he clenched his jaws and put his paws on his ears as if someone was in his head speaking. Then a paw forced his head to look at the direction the paw was taking him. It was a golden tabby she-cat. "Something troubling you Scourge?Maybe we can go on a walk just you and I alone?"

"I'd rather not uh.."

"Oh my apologies the name's Goldenflower. We were just discussing

about you, Scourge. The reason Frostfur doesn't take you as a mate now because she already has one."

Scourge tried to pad to where the apprentices are while talking to Goldenflower. "That's too bad. Anyway I really need to go to Tigerclaw to er... get some advice about clan life and what not."

"Oh but Scourge you don't know how much I need a mate. Right. Now." She scolded him.

Now he felt weirded out and did not know what he will say next. "Ok, I'm pretty sure there's a lot more Toms that are more willing to find a mate before me. I mean this is my first day I can't just take a mate like right away. You get what I'm saying."

She looked at him with a heartbroken expression until she made a long and disappointing sigh before she lowered her tail and stocked off. 'Phew.' Scourge said to himself in relief and padded to where the apprentices were training.

"You have to be more bold next time, Ravenpaw! No warrior will take it easy on you when you engage them in a real battle!"

Firepaw and Graypaw were staring at the fight going on and couldn't even move or break their form since they were totally frightened. It was until they saw the black Tom with a purple collar stick towards them, to which Graypaw made a sigh of relief while Firepaw growled at him. Scourge came forth, making Tigerclaw jerk his head toward him. "I'll only say this once. Put. Him. Down."

Scourge flexed his reinforced claws to the hard forest floor, back bristling as he was preparing to pounce. Tigerclaw laughed at him as he simultaneously let go of Ravenpaw and padded in front of Scourge, looking down upon which to his surprise didn't move a muscle. "Scourge. Are you seriously picking two fights in one day? I thought you knew better."

At this point, Scourge knew he was right and randomly going into fights will not let him settle in this new clan of his. "Fine. But if I see you abusing him, then say goodbye to your future because it will be under my paws when it comes around." He growled.

Tigerclaw only gave him a stern look but inside he was petrified by the sight of this Tom. He knew he wanted revenge more than anything else. It was silly to think about anything but trying to pull risks for this Tom, will be hard since it seems like he has the mind of a clan leader already. But now wasn't the time to think about that mangled runt, soon he will be under my command.' Tigerclaw thought.

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Scourge now felt ticked off and tried to fight off the urge that crept inside him ever since he woke up, the desire to kill something. He tried to shake it off but it keeps coming back like a bad cough and after a while it finally went away, for a bit at least. Then, he heard paw steps come towards his direction and he turned around, annoyed that this could be Tigerclaw again and if so Scourge won't hold back this time. He turned with a growl. "Now you're just pissing me off. you're just asking for-"

"Oh sorry I didn't mean to make you upset, now that you're no longer yourself."

The tortoise-shell she-cat stood there as she turned away. She was like a dream to him since the day he met her. But no that was Tiny and now he must see her as just another clanmate and nothing else. But why did he come off as nervous when he spoke? "Spottedleaf! I-I- I'm sorry I'm not angry at you I'm just ugh. Just tired that's all."

Spottedleaf looked back and gave him a warm smile. She shifted her paws, looking at the forest floor, blushing hard as he tried his best not to stutter. 'Oh I miss when he does that.' She looked at him with a half-glance, staring at other things around. "Do you want to join me to collect herbs? I just need cobwebs and chervil. I would much appreciate it if you go."

Scourge saw her blush as it made her face turn red, but he must think of her nothing other than a clan member. 'Besides if I want to be accepted, falling for a medicine cat isn't gonna help and I must remember my place.'

"Lead the way Spottedleaf."
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She nodded and quickly dashed to the gorse tunnel with Scourge tagging along until they were both stopped by Lionheart and the patrol that returned with him. "Hold on, Spottedleaf where are you taking him?"

"He's helping me get some herbs that's all."

Lionheart felt unconvinced but knew that this was the time to restock on herbs. "Ok fine. Just keep a good eye on him."

Spottedleaf turned scarlet red again, but hid her face from Lionheart before he knew and beckoned Scourge with her tail to join her and reluctantly he did.

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Scourge took into view the surrounding forest covered with prey scent, trees, the air that flows in the forest floor, and the sweet scent of chamomile and lavender coming from Spotted- Agh, can I at least get her out of my head for two SECONDS!?!'

While the small Tom was cursing himself in his head, Spottedleaf got a good look at Scourge while he was in his head again. His black pelt shined in the dim light, hidden from the trees but still visible glowing his pelt. The claw and teeth collar was certainly impressive but she couldn't help but feel saddened that he changed so much but at the same time a lot has changed since then too. She made an inaudible sigh before glancing at where the chervil were and padded to that direction. Scourge shook his head and followed along.

Spottedleaf felt more hot than ever and decided that now was the time to say something to the Tom she dreamed of since the day they met. "Scourge? There's something I gotta-"

Scourge went completely off guard as he detected a strange scent in the area. He waved his tail to block her muzzle and he sniffed the forest greenery once more when he inhaled more and detected a strange scent. He remembers this scent a long time ago but from what he can remember until he caught it. Whispering to Spottedleaf, "Move to the bush to where my muzzle is pointing."

Spottedleaf turned to him with worry. "What, why?"

"Fox." Scourge said disgustedly.

Spottedleaf stiffened in horror, eyes sharpened, clenching her teeth, and unable to move. Scourge noticed as she stared off to the distance and rolled his eyes as he had no choice but to put a nice demeanor on his face. "Come on Spottedleaf, i need you to be safe until help arrives. But til then I'll have to..." he looked off to the distance, now hearing the fox creep closer, making him smirk. "...enjoy myself."

He didn't bother to glance back if she listened as his mind was clouded with the chance to kill.

Scourge knew that the creature thought it had the upper paw so he decided to use this to his advantage and let the creature find Spottedleaf while he hid under a tumble of grass.

His plan worked and the fox found Spottedleaf in no time as she barely made it to the hiding area before the fox "spotted" her.

Spottedleaf shrieked. She cried for help but no one answered. "What did you do to Tiny!" She cried.

'How dare she call me that? Now I don't want to save her. But if I did I'll have to let the fox go. That's not gonna happen.'

Scourge leapt on top of the fox and put his hind legs on the fox's shoulders while he unsheathed both his forepaws and penetrated his claws into the fox's eye sockets as it tried to jump backwards to which Scourge dashed out from his left and forced the fox to fall with his hind legs before turning to the fox again and sliced its neck, letting the scarlet droplets fall as the fox tried to slowly retreat but to no avail, and it fell limp.

Scourge panted a little bit but he was ok with it as the irritation that bothered him since this morning finally went away. He looked behind him and saw the cat that he saved a second time as she casted her gaze to him. 'I remember that look," he thought. 'I remembered that before we were separated.'

Spottedleaf licked his cheek and spoke to him in the most soft and gentle voice. "Thank you."

He cracked a smile but before Scourge could respond a flat faced dark gray she-cat dashed to the two cats. Scourge bristled, ready to pounce on the cat before he was stopped by Spottedleaf. "Scourge stop she's a friend. Yellowfang what are you doing here?"

Yellowfang looked at them while trying to take in every breath. "There's a way to stop everything. Please I must see Bluestar."

Chapter 10

"Who's this?"

Yellowfang narrowed her eyes to the suspicious looking black pelted Tom with a purple collar.

He growled at her and got into a hunting crouch, as if he was stalking prey until Spottedleaf placed her paw to the only white paw he had, gazing at him which gave him the signal to back down. She then turned to Yellowfang. "This is Scourge, he was a kittypet sent by Starclan."

"Why would Starclan ever bring a kittypet to the clans." Yellowfang mewed.

"It's more complicated than that." She blinked hiding the warmth that spread across her face.

"Ok then, it was nice to meet you Scourge but we urgently need to get to Thunderclan."

Yellowfang dashed past the two oblivious cats, they stared at each other before padding to where the Shadowclan medicine cat was heading.

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The walk to camp was very quiet and awkward, as Spottedleaf tried to get Scourge's attention with her eyes, maneuvered her tail, she even tried to bump into him but only got an irritated look and a low growl in return. She frowned.

'Maybe I should just give it up. He doesn't feel the same way for me anymore. Plus, I'm a medicine cat and I must put my clan first. But why do I feel like I'm missing something?'

She couldn't control her emotions that her long lost love is gone and she began to feel tears form in her eyes. It seemed as if Scourge
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noticed her grief stricken face as he made a long sigh and stroked his tail on her back. She gasped a little but accepted it nonetheless with a purr, though he didn't stop to look at her. He kept going at the same pace they were but it did comfort her a little until they came to a stop when they reached camp.

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Spottedleaf was bombarded with questions as to Yellowfang's presence.

"What is Shadowclan scum like you doing here?" Darkstripe hissed.

"I must speak to Bluestar first." Yellowfang snapped.

Then a Grayish she-cat with blue eyes appeared from the crowd that was getting larger. "Well I'm here now Yellowfang, what is it you want to tell?"

"Brokenstar has just driven out Windclan."

Shocked gasps spread throughout the gathered cats. She continued, "And he is still not satisfied. He will attack Thunderclan in due time and Riverclan too. Bluestar... this has to end and I know how."

Bluestar nodded and stepped on to the high rock signaling the traditional clan call even though almost everyone was there. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey, gather here for a clan meeting."

Spottedleaf couldn't concentrate on the meeting. She kept thinking about Scourge and how she could get him back even though she tried to dismiss it, assuming it could never happen. But for some reason her paws took her to him and before she realized it she sat just a tail length away from him.

She noticed that he shifted uncomfortably but maintained her gaze at his stern look. She has to at least get something from him.

Before she knew it, Bluestar ended the meeting and it seems she left Whitestorm on for something, for what she didn't know. She turned her head to Scourge.

"What did she say?"

Scourge gave her an irritated growl before he hissed. "Well don't you have ears?"

Spottedleaf looked down. "Sorry my mind was somewhere else."

It took her by surprise when Scourge relaxed a bit and even let out a chuckle, although it was a very insidious chuckle. "Heh, yeah I get it. From what I can gather Bluestar has assigned Lion..uh, Lionheart to bring some cats on the attack on Shadowclan."

Scourge continued. "To be honest I do not know why we should get involved other than the fact we are trying to conceive something that cannot be conceived."

Spottedleaf now stared at him in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that we are attacking a clan that is considered a rival and therefore we must put an end to it. Not a bad tactic but cowardly either way for both clans."

Spottedleaf gasped. "What!?! How is it cowardice?"

"All clans are cowardly in their own way. I have not been here long but I'm well enough to know that each clan has a weakness. All it takes is for one cat to take down a whole empire."

"And you're saying that Brokenstar is that one to take down our so called 'empire.'" She retorted.

Scourge shook his head. "You misunderstood, if this so called Brokenstar is in charge of all this torment and suffering then we just need to take him down and that will be the end of it."

"So it's that simple, huh?"

Scourge smirked. "Like you wouldn't believe."

Spottedleaf opened her mouth to say something else but was cut off by Whitestorm's mew. "Scourge, since you were sent by Starclan we may need your help in this, we also want to know if we can gain

your trust in battle."

Scourge turned to Spottedleaf and she nodded her head and gently got up and whispered in his ear. "I know you don't love me like you used to, but be safe out there."

She wanted to bunt noses with him but decided otherwise since now she was gaining unwanted attention. She then saw Ravenpaw pad to Scourge. "Hey Scourge thanks for saving me from training earlier."

Scourge nodded to the apprentice and glanced back at Spottedleaf. "I'll be safe Spottedleaf. But I can't say the same for the enemy that will face my fury."

She then heard Tigerclaw chortling in the distance. "Perhaps Starclan was right about bringing you here. I guess you have been itching for a battle for a while."

Scourge only gave him a huff and only then did Tigerclaw analyze his collar. "I see that you carry remains of some of your past victims on your collar. I must warn you that the warrior code forbids any killing unless it's self defense."

"What are you talking abou-?"

"Scourge we must go now!" Lionheart called from a distance.

Both of the Toms exchanged a respectful nod and Scourge padded to the chosen cats for the attack on Shadowclan. Spottedleaf sat there unable to contain the guilt and sadness that overwhelmed her moral thinking, so she sent a silent prayer to Starclan. 'Please let him come home safely.' As she said this, Scourge left in the gorse tunnel and just like a speck of dust in the wind, he was gone.

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Scourge tried to remember who was coming on the attack and for what he remembers it was Lionheart, Whitestorm, Darkstripe, Longtail, Dustpaw, Willowpelt, Graypaw, and the other one. 'Firepaw that's his name, the one that keeps scolding me.'
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But he tried to maintain his stern cold expression even though on the inside he was jumping up and down for joy, he always loved the thrill of an upcoming battle but he can't say the same for his companions as some of their paws looked terrified beyond repair. He instead focused on his options to what he should expect. He remembered Yellowfang saying she will go to Shadowclan first to get reinforcements. How the clan just accepted this and didn't stop to think that she may lead us to a trap he will never know.

From a whoosh of Whitestorm's tail they came to a stop, and Lionheart took the time to inhale the atmospheric forest ground. It seemed like nothing until Scourge saw a bush swivel and pierce open from the outside when an old she-cat came into view that looked slightly familiar when the figure that emerged was Yellowfang.

"Lionheart." The old cat mewed.

"Yellowfang. So these are the Shadowclan cats we're supposed to trust?"

'So they did have second thoughts about this. Interesting.' Scourge meditated.

When more from the supposed 'help' from the clan started to bicker with one another, Scourge tuned them out and brought his mind to where he wished he hadn't gone again. Spottedleaf.

Her soft words brought an unusual assurance to him. Almost like her tongue was like his mother wrapping her warm pelt around him when it got too cold. He liked that feeling and almost made him feel weak and drift away when he felt a tap from beside. 'Whitestorm' he presumed.

"You ready?"

Darkstripe sneered. "I don't know maybe he's a bit too scared and will blame his mind for not going."

"Who are you going to blame, after I tear out your throat and shove it up your-"

"Scourge enough. I don't wanna hear another word from your mouth." Lionheart silenced, he then turned to Yellowfang and the Shadowclan cats.
"Apologies, he just came here yesterday, says he was brought from Starclan."

An old matted black Tom stepped in front. "All is forgiven, Lionheart but if we don't attack Brokenstar then so help Starclan, all will be lost."

Yellowfang nodded. "Nightpelt is right. If we go in stealthy we may not meet as much resistance as you think."

Lionheart rested a little bit but was still optimistic. "So what do you propose then?"

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The plan was simple. Let Nightpelt go with Yellowfang as prisoner and wait for Lionheart's signal...

The jolting pain that surged in Scourge's stomach twisted and turned as he heard the noise and smell of a battle, and he couldn't take it any more. He kept sheathing and unsheathing his claws, fur bristling aggressively which gave him a few awkward glances.

Graypaw smirked. "Jeez, take it easy. You're more antsy than a jack rabbit high on catmint."

Scourge felt irritable. "Yeah yeah, the rabbit... ugh, just shut your muzzle tight or I'll do it for you." He was relieved when the apprentice immediately closed his mouth shut.

Lionheart gave the signal with a twitch of his tail and immediately the battle patrol sprang out of the bush they hid under and going faster than the speed of a thunderbolt, they wasted no time in gaining foot into the enemy's camp. Lionheart's battle cry rang through Scourge's ears as they leaped to the Shadowclan camp.

Scourge observed his surroundings and took his time to catch the shocked faces of the cats and he set his eyes on the cat he saw yesterday. 'It's that mangled pelt, Clawface.'

It seems the clawed cat saw Scourge's glaring icy eyes and returned back, fur bristling, claws unsheathed, and circled the small black Tom intimidating him. "Now here's a rematch I could only dream of."

Scourge sneered. "Be careful what you wish for."

Without hesitation Scourge made the first move by going on top of the cat and unsheathed his reinforced claws on Clawface's sides. he went deep to his fur ripping it, causing the clawed Tom to yowl in pain. The pain was so excruciating in fact that the mangled Tom had to catch his breath every second he tried to take a swipe at the small Tom, which made Scourge retaliate by going for his lower jaw almost to his neck and gave him a good hit. He tugged the Tom's ear which caused another yowl of pain and dragged his broad head to the nearest boulder and violently slammed his head on the rock, Clawface was knocked out in a mere second.

Scourge could easily go for the throat, ending this sad excuse for a warrior now but thought not as he felt paw steps approaching in his direction. He turned to see the approach of a dark tabby Tom with blazing orange eyes. Scourge glanced at the cat he was fighting with and he was caught by surprise by the limp body of none other than the deputy of Thunderclan, Lionheart!

The dark tabby only took one look at the little Tom that stood before him. He laughed. "So you are the kittypet Clawface warned me about. Know this, that you will not meet the same satisfaction of putting an end to me, because I got a plan that will shake Starclan to bow to me and I have one that is already doing so." He pointed his tail to the corpse that used to be the noble Lionheart.

Scourge didn't have any comebacks or retorts to give as his eyes were full of pride and anger that went deep into the dark tabby's eyes. The dark tabby continued. "You will never hear the last of it runt as you face the might of Brokensta-"

Scourge caught Brokenstar by surprise as he went for his forepaws and clamped on the side of his fur and kicked the dark tabby with his hind legs on his jaw sending Brokenstar flying in the air and collapsed on the forest ground. Scourge was about to pad away

thinking the deed was done, until he tasted the blood of the Tom on his tongue triggering a spark in his brain that erased any possible thought, any possible emotion, and replaced with demented insanity.

He charged at the dark tabby as he was about to get up, Scourge grabbed his chin and gave him a maniacal smile before snarking one last retort. "Never wound, what you can't kill."

He used his other reinforced claws and slashed Brokenstar's throat with one clean swipe. The Tom lay limp.

Scourge glanced around and saw that all the fight had stopped and everyone had turned to see first Brokenstar's body and then to Scourge. It didn't take long before the dead eyed Brokenstar blinked and stood up and shot a look at Scourge that no cat could ever see from the Shadowclan leader. *Fear.*

Scourge couldn't help but let out a howl of triumph as Brokenstar, and presumably his followers, flee away from the Shadowclan camp. If Scourge was in charge he would have immediately sent out a patrol to hunt down and kill every last one of them. Alas, he is no longer leader of Bloodclan, at least not for a while. A gray Tom with a white pelt stepped forth and gazed at Scourge with awe. He stuttered when the Shadowclan cat spoke. "Who-who- who are you?"

"The name's Scourge." Scourge said with a confident mew which only gained more gasps from the other Shadowclan cats.

Thunderclan was no different as they were shocked that this small Tom drove away the most fierce and deadly cat these clans had ever faced. It didn't take long before the Shadowclan cats began to chant Scourges name and only got louder the more they chanted longer. A black mangled Tom padded to Scourge. Scourge bristled but settled as this Tom did not perceive any threat.

"Scourge, we haven't fully met yet. The name is Nightpelt. I and the cats of Shadowclan owe you for saving Shadowclan and driving Brokenstar out." Nightpelt couldn't help but stare at Scourge's collar and Scourge had to look down to see what he was looking at. "Your

claws and collar, it's very strange, where did they come from?"

Scourge knew better than to tell them about his previous battles that he won. "My twolegs liked to be very creative when it came to collar designing."

He felt some of the Thunderclan cats roll their eyes and huffed at Scourge's excuse. Nightpelt seemed to buy into the lie. "Twolegs really do that?"

"Yes." He muttered. "Some do, unfortunately."

Their heads turned when they saw the broad white Tom stalk into them. "Sorry to break your conversation but we need to bring Lionheart home and we need to address Scourge."

"Yes you must go, and once again, thank you Scourge."

Scourge nodded to Nightpelt. "Just doing what a noble warrior would do."

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The walk back to camp was oddly satisfying for Scourge. He didn't get the chance to see the others in battle, but they seemed pretty beat up while Scourge only got a minor cut on his left shoulder. 'Tis but a mere slip up.'

He couldn't help but notice the admiration coming from his clan mates and before long it was Graypaw that said the question that was in everyone's mind. "How did you do it? I've never seen any cat perform any kind of stunt like that!"

Longtail mewed after, dropping the limp body of Lionheart. "Yea how did you get Brokenstar in just a few swipes?"

Every cat was looking at Scourge including Whitestorm. At this point they all stopped and listened for an explanation. Firepaw made a grunt before stalking off. "He wasn't that impressive. Any cat could take on an old cat like Brokenstar. Besides, his claws give him an unfair advantage no doubt."

They all murmured in agreement as they stared at his sheathed claws. "Why do you wear dog claws, it seems like that collar and claws go deeper than it should." Whitestorm mewed with concern.

"I just do ok? Can we go back to camp? We're burning precious daylight here!" Scourge hissed and stalked over to Firepaw just up ahead.

The others gave each other a puzzled look before they gave a synchronized shrug and padded close by to Scourge.

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The clan was quiet the whole time the battle patrol had left and they had yet to return. Each and every one of them were terrified especially Spottedleaf. She knew she needed to prepare for any injuries since this is a battle like no other. But what she was most worried about was Scourge, the long lost love of her life that appeared just a day before and since then, she couldn't find a way to get him off her mind. Spottedleaf looked from her den to the outside, seeing Bluestar pace back and forth desperately waiting for the brave warriors to return. She saw many queens murmuring to Starclan to bring them back safe. 'At least I pledged one to Scourge before he left.'

"When will the warriors come?" Bluestar asked. Spottedleaf tried her best to comfort Bluestar. "Don't worry they will come back safe I just know it."

Just after she said that Tigerclaw emerged out of the undergrowth and called up everyone. "The battle patrol is back."

Spottedleaf immediately padded to the gorse tunnel and sighed with relief when she saw Scourge in front of the patrol head raised high. She felt as if she was gliding to him when she padded to greet him with fondness in her eyes and he gave a curt nod before padding back and helped Longtail pick up something that seemed to look like it was lifeless. 'Why do they look sad?' When it came to view, it was Lionheart!

She heard the wailing of Frostfur and her kits when they saw the
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corpse of the noble deputy and father. Other cats mourned with them and Bluestar could only stare in horror by him. "How did he die?"

For a while the patrol was silent, not saying a word which made Bluestar tremble with annoyance. "Well is anyone going to give me an explanation?!?"

Scourge was the first to speak on Lionheart's behalf. "He died by the paws of Brokenstar. I do not know how he died but he may have been caught by surprise judging by his facial expression. So I gave Brokenstar a taste of what he did to Lionheart as I eliminated one of his lives."

Shock among the Thunderclan cats echoed around, Bluestar trembled when she mewed. "Whitestorm is this true?"

Whitestorm stepped forth seemingly sure of himself. "Yes, I saw it with my own eyes."

"Me too!" Said Graypaw excitedly.

"Same." Darkstripe mewed begrudgingly.

Bluestar nodded to them and turned to the small Tom. "Scourge I now see that you put the clan first before anything else. Therefore, you are now a true warrior of Thunderclan and will be accompanying us on our next gathering that is happening in just two sunrises."

Everyone cheered out Scourge's name to which he glanced around nodding to each of them while hiding his pride in his face. Soon enough everyone got up to pay vigil to Lionheart but before so Spottedleaf padded to Scourge and greeted him with a lick to the ear. "You defeated the most powerful threat the clans have ever faced." She purred.

Scourge sneered. "He wasn't that powerful, underneath his pride, he is nothing more than a kit lost in the forest."

"I'm truly impressed, Scourge. despite your puny size you were able to do the unthinkable." Tigerclaw praised.

"Thank you Tigerclaw that means a lot coming from you." Scourge snorted.

Tigerclaw gave him a quick huff before stalking away to where Lionheart was placed in the center of the clearing. Scourge and Spottedleaf were silent for a while until Scourge gave a fake cough causing Spottedleaf to glance at him. "*cough* Uh, Spottedleaf?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Anything for you Scourge."

"Well uh I was just wondering... what is a gathering?"

"Oh..." she made a phony surprise with disappointment in her voice. "Well it's a place called Four trees where all four clans meet to discuss the latest news in their clan."

Scourge gulped. "Wait, all four cl-clans join at the same spot?"

"Every moon, yeah why?"

Scourge could only stare off into the distance as anxiety and fear overcame his ability to think.

The fear of the unknown.

Chapter 11

Tonight was the gathering and Scourge was all but pleasant and comfortable. It almost felt surreal in a way. Ever since he was fully accepted to Thunderclan thanks to his determination in battle, and Bluestar's blessing, it all seemed to go well as Scourge may have planned. 'Maybe too well.'

He had to learn many of their day to day traits and common traditions such as sharing tongues after a meal in which Scourge always got disgusted by since Spottedleaf wanted to share tongues with him after each meal.

Scourge had already made up his mind that what they had in the past stayed in the past and the only reason he saved her twice was that she was a part of the clan, and the medicine cat even. To put it simply, she was a valuable member of the clan. But he was so torn between his feelings and judgement that he may as well give up trying to convince himself otherwise. Then the question really started to take form in his thoughts, "Do I feel the same way with her again?"

"With who again?"

The black Tom tensed as he looked up at the tortoise-shell she cat who had an amused look on her face. He realized that he said out loud his thoughts. He gulped, not knowing what to say or do and it didn't help that her eyes were keeping him distracted with coming up with an excuse. Yet all she gave was a soft laugh before nuzzling his cheek and brushed her tail over his face causing him to sneeze. "It's ok if you don't tell." She purred

Scourge almost gave in but thought the best of it and brought his mind back to reality before huffing a stiff meow, "I do not know what you're talking about. The only thing that I'm worried about is the um... uh... the gathering yes, the gathering."

It seems that this didn't convince Spottedleaf as she rolled her eyes and stalk away to her den muttering words under her breath. As she padded away, Scourge couldn't help but feel a pane of guilt twisting in his pelt and for some reason felt a slight bit of sadness as her soft and glowing pelt vanished in the pitch black den. He couldn't take it no more, he had to stop all of this once and for all.

Scourge began making his way to her den, getting a few glances from his other clan mates but nothing too suspicious and finally reached the den and peaked his head in first but with no one in sight. 'Strange,' he thought and went in, and with little time to react he was barreled over, knocked to the ground with a fierce hiss. It wasn't until he remembered the scent of the cat that was on top of him, the scent that kept haunting him for many moons including those dreadful eyes!

He looked up to see Spottedleaf panting as she held on to him with a firm grip to his waist. She yowled, "I knew it! I just knew you still love me after all these times!"

Scourge looked around, afraid that someone may have heard before he finally tried to loosen away from Spottedleafs' grip. "Spottedleaf listen I don't love you anymore!" The words seem to have struck her like a slash to her heart. "So please let me go, because you mean nothing to me anymore, and I mean nothing to you too!"

Her eyes now filled with agony. "You don't really mean that?"

"I do Spottedleaf! Besides, you're a med cat and didn't you say they can't have mates?" He questioned.

"But we can." She pleaded, grabbing his white paw with her own delicate paw. "I can accept your new name because you been through a lot. We can keep it a secret just between us."

The small Tom looked down not returning her gaze and questioned himself again. 'Do I love her? If I do then why am I so hesitant?'

He then remembered why he came to Thunderclan in the first place. His daring plan to take over the clans, the forest, and all of the unfortunate inhabitants that would still linger in his new

empire. The last thing he wanted was what presumably is a minor set back could change his future plan forever, his life even.

He sighed and removed his paw from her and turned around. "Spottedleaf." He turned his head around but still had his back turned on her. "I'm not that cat that you used to know. Not anymore."

He could hear her trying to hold back tears as he padded out of her den only to be confronted by the newly named warrior Fireheart. To which the warrior gave a scorned smile. "Out of all the she-cats you could moon over, you had to pick our sweet and harmless medicine cat."

Scourge turned to the fire tom with fury. "It's not like that! We may had a thing before but not anymore." He closed his eyes trying to hide the pain that he so delicately tried to hide.

"I see." Fireheart nodded trying to conceal his grin. "Well then have a good day, you need plenty of rest for your first gathering

Scourge sighed, "good day to you as well young blood."

He padded away trying to hide his face from the shrill chattering and murmuring that spread throughout the camp 'forgot already about the gathering.' He went to his poorly formed nest and tried to get some rest.

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"Scourge are you ready?"

Scourge took a second to look up at his leader and firmly nodded his head. "Ready as I'll ever be Bluestar."

She nodded and waved her tail to the former cats she chosen to go with. "Alright, let's head out warriors it is time."
"Wait shouldn't Scourge take off his collar?" Said Longtail.

"You're gonna have to pry out of my neck if you get anywhere near my collar." Scourge retaliated back.

Bluestar only gave a disappointing sigh. "I half expected this, I know full well that he where's his collar for pride and strength Longtail and I won't deny him that, if it helps in battle."

That seemed to have pleased everyone especially Longtail. The black Tom glanced around and found Spottedleaf so delicately pad out of the medicine den with the fire Tom that had his tail over her shoulders for comfort. Scourge huffed and decided that maybe he should forgive her. 'Besides when I take over the forest, I can make her my righteous disciple, *my own* medicine cat.'

The very thought made his heart raise and padded to her, waving his tail with a greeting but still had an unsettling expression. "Hey Spottedleaf I wanted to-"

The fire blazed Tom stepped forward and blocked Spottedleaf from Scourge. "Nuh uh buddy, she don't want to speak with you."

"I don't need your permission whether I can see her or not sour puss." Scourge spat.

Fireheart bristled and prepared to pounce on Scourge and to his mistake locked eyes with Scourge. The icy blue eyes like the coldest day of leaf-bare, so fierce with power and force, that the mere sight can give the opponent a frostbite inside their veins tearing them from the inside. Seeing the fire blazing Tom step back as his eyes dilate and tail fluff out made Scourge chuckle. "What's the matter? If I said something to offend please don't lie, I may want to use it again."

Fireheart growled and spat at Spottedleaf's direction causing her to back away with a shriek and closed her eyes for an impact. "Whatever, she's not worth it anyway."

Scourge locked his icy gaze onto the blazing Tom not letting him out of his sight as he padded to his friends. Scourge knew full well to keep a good eye on him for now on. That was till his trance was interrupted by Spottedleaf's soft mew turning to face her as she looked down with her tail onset her pelt and ears flat. "Um, you didn't have to do that. He was just helping."

Scourge stared now noticing the deep cuts on her cheek and her eye kept twitching. Not to mention a nick on her ear. "Or using you."

Spottedleaf perked up with disbelief and eyes flashing to the small Tom. "What?"

"I'm saying that Fireheart is nothing but trouble and what I assume is for his own gain." She looked down again and Socurge sighed. "Take right now, saying that you're not worth it. If he cared then why did he give you up so easily from me."

She locked her amber eyes to his blue, gaining a grin on her face. "Well you do have imitating gaze, why do think not one warrior tried to be your best friend or help you fit in."

Scourge scoffed. "I thought they were the kind to judge someone before they knew them."

"Well well scourge, wouldn't you like to know that the I'm the first to say I don't judge you the way you are?" She looked at him with fondness.

Scourge swung his tail and grinned. "Let's just hope you're the last." He pumped his pelt to her to which she responded back and shoved him harder making him fall.

He growled with annoyance as he tried to pull himself back up while Spottedleaf *mrrow* with laughter while also keeping it low so that no one could hear.

"You good big guy?" She smiled trying to hold back another laugh.

"Laugh all you want, see if I care." He grumbled.

Spottedleaf rolled her eyes. "No need to be so dramatic."

Chapter 12

They had reached the gathering and the first thing Scourge thought was the horrid smell of cats and the insufferable amount of chattering that engulfed his hearing senses. Almost to the point where his ears bleed.

Scourge tried to maintain his stern cold expression as he passed through the cats he didn't recognize. But could he? All of Riverclan stopped chatting at once, narrowing their eyes on the purpled collar Tom. Shadowclan in the other paw, rejoiced as they saw his presence. Some smaller cats to what Scourge presumed were apprentices, raced to confront Scourge while Riverclan looked bewildered.

"Hey it's you! You're the one that saved our clan!"
A tiny light brown Tom who was no bigger than Scourge spoke up from the excited apprentices.

Scourge only gave them a nervous smile letting go of his serious expression as his pride overcame his thoughts, but tried not to boast on it. "I did what any warrior in Thunderclan would do."

"No way a Thunderclan cat can move and fight like that! I bet you have the power of the stars in your paws." A small brown tabby apprentice spoke up.

All of the Riverclan cats were now beyond confused while the Shadowclan apprentices and young warriors gathered around Scourge asking all sorts of questions. It only took one Riverclan warrior to speak the minds of all of them. "Just what did he even do?"

"What did he do?" A mangled black pelted Tom stepped forward which Scourge disfigured as Nightpelt or Nightstar. "He is the one that rid of Brokenstar from the forest is what he did."

Riverclan warriors now were stunned by the sight of this small Tom wondering how he could even take on the fearsome Brokenstar. Scourge merely shrugged his shoulders. "He wasn't hard to take down, he fought no better than a newly named apprentice."

It took a while but many of the Shadowclan and Riverclan dispersed to their own conversation. Spottedleaf then approached him with a flick of her tail with a greeting. "Why don't you talk to some on Riverclan. They seem to respect you, now that they know you got rid of Brokenstar."

Scourge looked at her perplexed. "I don't really feel like it. I'd rather go back to camp and sleep than talk some cats."

She scoffed. "Oh brother, why did we accept you into clan in the first place."

"Hm, maybe because warriors were, and still are, meant to fight for their clan rather than having morons talking to other morons."

Spottedleaf sneered and swooped her tail over Scourges nose. "Scourgey, I talk to morons in other clans, does that make me a moron?"

Scourge now baffled by the sudden comeback and, 'did she just call me Scourgey?' "Um, no you're an exception."

She huffed and swiped her tail again on his face. "Agh stop doing that!" He growled though there was a hint of playfulness in it.

He glanced around the clearing and saw a dappled golden tabby she-cat with amber eyes seemly staring off into nothing. She quickly glanced at Scourge's direction and quickly turned away. Feeling amused by the sudden change of pace, Scourge decided that he will take Spottedleaf's word and padded to the she-cat.

Already the golden tabby was shifting uncomfortably, tail thrashing, and ears perked in his direction. She narrowed her eyes as he sat on his haunches next to her. "I hear you defeated Brokenstar."

"You've heard correct."

"Though I must say I find it hard to believe that he defeated him with just a look of your eyes."

"Wait, what?"

She gestured her tail to the direction of a huge crowd of apprentices and in the middle was Graystripe telling everyone what happened in his perspective. Scourge lifted his chin up high, almost proud by the exaggerated story.

"HELLO?!? Is there anyone in there?"

Scourge squeaked a little and turned back to the she-cat. "My bad." He dipped his head. "I just like his interpretation of the whole fiasco."

"Huh, you're a strange one and even stranger that all it took was a kittypet to defeat that brute."

Before Scourge could retaliate back The dappled she-cat went on speaking. "I guess I should introduce myself, the name's Leopardfur I am the deputy of Riverclan."

"So you're soon to be taking the role of leader?"

Leopardfur grinned and gazed upon the full moon almost like she was dreaming of herself being a leader one day. "You are correct little runt."

Scourge narrowed his eyes and dug in the forest floor revealing his reinforced claws. Leopardfur lifted her eyes in shock just at the mere sight of them. But was quickly replaced by another grin to the small black Tom. "I was just kidding."

He tried his best to relax trying to control his conscious so as to not draw attention that could scare others. He has already gained there trust for the most part, the last thing he wanted was to lose it right away. But soon the howl of Crookedstar called everyone signaling the start of the gathering.

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"That was the most mind numbingly petty, the most brain dead meeting I have ever witnessed." Scourge growled with annoyance.

Spottedleaf gave a disappointed sigh before looking at Scourge. "It may not be important to you but it is important to us. Bluestar was right that we should bring back Windclan."

"Why? Why should we bring back a rival clan, and don't say because there has always been 'four clans.'"

"It's the truth. Starclan always had it as four clans and it will always be four clans."

Scourge scoffed, unable to contain the annoyance that was developing inside his veins. It was rather surprising when he felt soft fur rubbing against his ruff coated fur. He turned to see the bright beaming eyes that blinded him. Her voice was said in the most calming way possible. "Remember when we first met?"

He thought of it for a while and then turned to face the other warriors that were ahead of them and gave her a cold "No."

"I thought you wouldn't." She sighed. "But I do, and guess what?" She asked which made him turn to her with confounded emotion stirring inside his pelt.
"It was one of the best days of my life." She blinked.

She bumped her pelt against his before padding ahead next to Bluestar, worse yet he started to feel a rough purr build up and his pelt heat up which he hadn't done since his days of youth.
Love.

Chapter 13

(A/N: quick note, this fanfic originally was a joke cause I wanted my first story to be weird, till I got invested now here we are).

The moon hung high in the star-studded sky, casting a silvery glow over the forest. In the heart of the territory, where the river bed waved in the currents and what stood above a small Tom looking beyond the horizon. What he felt was a complicated mix of grief and anger. He knew what he was about to do.
He hadn't been with the thunderclan cats long enough to feel any attachment towards them or compassion. What he wanted, what he needed, was total control over all the clans.

Over the moons he stayed observant as the clan moved by. Fireheart and Graystripe brought Windclan back from whatever they came from and Scourge got the privilege to meet them at the other gathering. Like last time, Shadowclan showed deep respect towards him and got many Windclan cats to also show respect for ridding the corrupted leader.

Everything was falling into place in the right order, at the right time. And yet there was this deep emptiness he couldn't shake. Not too long ago he mused to himself the feelings he had for the dappled she-cat, Spottedleaf. He wasn't going to lie to himself anymore, despite how he couldn't confide in anyone about it. He was going to burst in anger if he had to deal another moon with having to feel guilty about what he will lay upon the unanticipated warriors.

Lost in his thoughts, Scourge didn't notice the rustle of leaves behind him until a voice spoke out, gentle yet firm.

"Scourge."

He turned to see Spottedleaf standing before him, her eyes filled with a mixture of concern and curiosity. Her fur glowed in the moonlight, a vision of beauty that took his breath away.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, her voice soft yet unwavering.

Scourge struggled to find words, his heart pounding in his chest. "I... I don't know," he admitted, his gaze dropping to the ground.

Spottedleaf approached him, her movements graceful and calm. She reached out with a gentle paw, touching his cheek with a tenderness that sent shivers down his spine.

"I know you are feared by many, Scourge," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "But I also see the pain in your eyes, the loneliness that haunts you."

Scourge couldn't speak, his throat tight with unspoken emotions. He met her gaze, his blue eyes searching hers for understanding.

"I may be a medicine cat of ThunderClan," Spottedleaf continued, her voice filled with compassion, "but I see beyond borders and boundaries. I see a cat who is capable of love, of kindness."

Scourge's heart swelled with a mixture of hope and fear. Could it be possible? Could he dare to believe that someone like Spottedleaf could see something good in him? 'If only.' He admitted.

When he opened his eyes, Spottedleaf was gazing at him with understanding and kindness. "You are not alone, Scourge," she said, her voice a gentle murmur. "You are capable of more than you know."

Looking across the river bank, then to Spottedleaf. He sighed and cleared his throat. "Then you realize that I can't stay with the clans any more."

She locked her eyes with his. "I know. Which is why I want to have one last night with you."

Scourge was hesitant but having to spend a night alone with the beautiful she-cat one last time was more than enough to get him to agree. "Alright, not like much will happen anyway."

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(Later that very night).

The streets of Twolegplace were shrouded in darkness, the moon hidden behind thick clouds. In the heart of the grimy alleys, the cats of BloodClan prowled with silent intensity. Among them was Bone, a large black and white tom, his eyes gleaming with ambition. Since the departure of Scourge, the infamous leader, BloodClan had been in disarray, its power waning.

Bone had always harbored dreams of greatness, of ruling BloodClan with an iron claw. As he led his patrol through the shadows, a whisper of movement caught his ear. He turned, his fur bristling, to see a figure emerge from the darkness.

It was Scourge.

The former leader stood before them, his once vibrant, purple collar now faded and frayed. His eyes, however, still burned with the same ferocity that had once struck fear into the hearts of his enemies.

"Scourge!" Bone's voice was a mix of astonishment and awe. "You... you've returned."

Scourge surveyed the cats before him, a flicker of disappointment in his gaze. "BloodClan has lost its way," he growled, his voice low and commanding. "Under your rule, it has become weak."

Bone bristled at the accusation, his claws unsheathing. "I have done what I thought was best for BloodClan!"

Scourge's gaze hardened. "What is best for BloodClan is strength, unity, and fear. You have let fear slip away, and with it, our power."

The other cats murmured in agreement, casting uneasy glances at Bone. Scourge's presence was a reminder of their former glory, and many longed for its return.

"Step aside, Bone," Scourge commanded, his voice cutting through the night like a blade. "It is time for BloodClan to reclaim its place as the most feared Clan in Twolegplace."

Bone hesitated, his mind racing. He had worked hard to attain his position, to lead BloodClan in his own way. But in the face of Scourge's undeniable presence, he knew he could not stand against him.

With a heavy heart and a flick of his tail, Bone stepped back, allowing Scourge to take his place at the head of the Clan once more. The other cats gathered around, their loyalty rekindled by the return of their legendary leader.

Under the watchful gaze of the moon, Scourge addressed his Clan, his voice ringing with authority. "BloodClan, we have strayed from the path of strength and fear. But tonight, we reclaim our legacy. No cat shall dare to challenge us, for we are the shadows that haunt the alleys, the yowl of terror in the night. In the 2 moons that follows, we go to the forest cats and launch a siege against them."

The cats of BloodClan yowled their approval, their voices echoing through the darkened streets. Scourge had returned, and with him came the promise of power and domination.

"As for the reason of my absence, I had to join their ranks to find their strengths and weaknesses. They have what is called clans, four of them actually which makes it easier since we can take them all one by one until the last of them falls."

As Bone watched from the shadows, a mix of fear and admiration in his heart, he knew that BloodClan would never be the same. Scourge had returned, and Twolegplace would once again tremble at the mere presence of their leader.

The war begins.

Chapter 14

(Two moons later).
Day 1:

Tonight was the night. Scourge, the ruthless leader of BloodClan, stood atop the highest rooftop, his eyes gleaming with a fierce determination. Below him, his loyal followers gathered, their murmurs of anticipation mixed with the hustle and bustle of the city.

"Tonight, we strike," Scourge announced, his voice carrying through the alleyways with a chilling certainty. "Tonight we cast our eyes on Shadowclan first. We show them that BloodClan is not to be trifled with."

The cats of BloodClan yowled their agreement, their eyes shining with a mix of excitement and fear. ShadowClan, nestled deep in the heart of the forest, had long been a thorn in Scourge's side. Their territory was rich with prey, and their warriors were known for their fierce loyalty.

But Scourge was not one to back down from a challenge. With meticulous planning and a ruthless determination, he had devised a plan to take down ShadowClan once and for all.

Under the cover of darkness, the BloodClan cats moved swiftly through the streets, their fur blending into the shadows. Scourge led the way, his mind sharp with strategy. As they approached the edge of ShadowClan territory, he signaled for his cats to spread out, surrounding their unsuspecting enemies.

The night was still, the only sound being the faint rustle of leaves in the breeze. Scourge crouched low, his eyes fixed on the border of ShadowClan's territory. And then, with a silent command, he launched the attack.

BloodClan surged forward, their battle cries shattering the stillness

of the night. ShadowClan warriors scrambled from their dens, caught off guard by the ferocity of the assault. Scourge moved with a deadly grace, his claws flashing in the moonlight as he struck down his foes with swift efficiency.

The battle raged on, the sounds of yowls and hisses echoing through the forest. Blood stained the forest floor as the two Clans clashed, each fighting for their territory and their pride.

Scourge's eyes locked onto one particular ShadowClan warrior, a black pelted Tom who went by the name of Nightstar with eyes blazing with fury. They circled each other, the tension thick in the air,
"What's the meaning of this! We had an alliance!"

Scourge sneered. "Then you're more of a fool than Brokenstar ever was."
Nightstar launched at him, his fury unmatched.

Claws clashed, teeth gnashed, and fur flew as they fought with a savage intensity. Scourge could feel the older cat's strength, but he refused to yield. With a final, decisive blow, he brought Nightstar to the ground, victory coursing through his veins.

He turned and saw the apprentice from the gathering who trembled in fear. Scourge grinned and padded to him. The apprentice squeaked and tried to dash away but was grabbed by the hind legs and was twisted, pelt facing up. Scourge placed his claw on the apprentice's flank. The apprentice was squirming under him, unable to budge.
"No you couldn't! You helped us remember?!?"

Scourge heard a she-cat's cry from the distance but instantly heard a gag before it fell silent and glanced back at the apprentice. "It was nothing personal."
He slashed the apprentice's flank, internal organs flew out and he fell limp.

As the last ShadowClan cat fled into the night, Scourge stood tall, his chest heaving with exertion. The BloodClan cats gathered around him, their eyes filled with awe and reverence.

"We have won," Scourge declared, his voice ringing with triumph. "ShadowClan is no more. From this day forward, this territory belongs to BloodClan."

The cats of BloodClan yowled their victory to the moon above, their voices echoing through the forest. Scourge had achieved what many thought impossible, and his reign over Twolegplace was more powerful than ever before.

As they returned to their territory, the spoils of battle in their jaws, Scourge knew that this victory was just the beginning. BloodClan would continue to expand its influence.

Riverclan was next.

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It was all but quiet in the camp as Spottedleaf tried to get as much rest as possible. Long day as always and the clan seems to thrive as always. But a loud screech for help came from outside the gorse tunnel and the fowl stench of Shadowclan hung through the air.

Immediately all Thunderclan warriors rose up to cast on the terrifying noise from a distance, Bluestar being one to rush out in front. Littlepaw was among the first when he cried out to her.

"Scourge! Scourge attacked our camp! He killed all of Nightstar's lives in one swoop and also vole... VOLEPAW!"

Disbelief and confusion was one of the first things the warriors felt on the news of Scourge's attack. Bluestar, being optimistic, said "are you sure it was him?"

Another Shadowclan warrior came forth who had one eye missing and left ear completely shredded. "Positively."

Bluestar hung her head low, seemingly feeling a rush of guilt and regret. But looked up at the tattered warriors again since there was no other choice. "Ok, go to our medicine den and get yourselves patched up."

"You are welcome here," she declared, her voice strong and

reassuring. "ThunderClan will shelter you and help you reclaim what is rightfully yours while I think of this matter further."

The ShadowClan cats bowed their heads in gratitude, relief evident in their weary expressions. Bluestar turned to her warriors, her gaze sweeping over their faces.

"Prepare fresh nests for our guests," she instructed. "We will stand together against Scourge's tyranny."

Spottedleaf overheard Longtail as he remarked. "Eh, what did we expect from a cat who calls himself 'Scourge.' I would like to seem him take all the clans in four days. Then, I would think he's a threat."

As the cats of ThunderClan set about making room for their new allies, a hush fell over the camp. In the midst of the bustling activity, Spottedleaf sat quietly in her den.

As she tended to the wounded and weakened, a sudden wave of dizziness washed over her. Spottedleaf paused, a paw pressed against her belly, a strange feeling stirring within her. 'Could it be...?'

Her heart skipped a beat as realization dawned. She was expecting kits, and not just any kits. They were *Scourge's* kits, and they were to expect any day now. The result of a forbidden love that had blossomed in the shadows.

Fear and uncertainty gripped Spottedleaf's heart. How could she bring kits into a world torn apart by violence and strife? And yet, as she felt their tiny movements within her, a sense of love and protectiveness swept over her.

As she emerged from her den, she padded to Bluestar's den who was granted in.

"Ah I'm glad you're here Spottedleaf, something on your mind? Perhaps Starclan spoke to you?"

"No nothing like that." She gulped. "Something totally different."

Her eyes met Bluestar's as she explained her pregnancy to the blue furred cat, and the leader's concerned gaze softened with understanding. Without a word, Bluestar approached Spottedleaf, placing a comforting paw on her shoulder.

"We will protect you and your kits," Bluestar murmured, her voice filled with compassion. "They are a part of ThunderClan, no matter their blood."

Spottedleaf's eyes filled with gratitude as she nodded, a weight lifting from her heart. She knew she could trust in her Clanmates to stand by her side.

-

"Boss there are three cats that want to see you."

Scourge woke from his makeshift nest that he made under a garbage bin and yawned as the new bright sky took overhead.
"Leave me alone Bone give me thirty minutes." He hissed sleepily.

"But sir they're from Thunderclan and they say they have an offer to join our ranks." Bone confided.

Immediately Scourge woke from his nest and ran to see the three warriors he thought he'll never see again. He gave a maniacal grin as he saw them. "Tigerclaw, Darkstripe, *Fireheart*, a bit far from your border patrol are we?"

Fireheart stepped forward. "We want in Scourge."

The small Tom sat on his haunches and licked his white sock and over his ear before glancing at them.
"What do you propose then?"

Chapter 15

Day 2:

In a secluded corner of Twolegplace, Scourge, the ruthless leader of BloodClan, gathered with his new allies: Fireheart, Tigerclaw, and Darkstripe. Each cat's eyes gleamed with a hunger for power as they huddled together in the shadows.

"RiverClan grows too strong," Scourge hissed, his voice low and vengeful. "They must be dealt with before they become a threat to us."

Fireheart, once a loyal warrior of ThunderClan, had turned to the darkness at Scourge's side. His flame colored fur now bristled with a cruel ambition as he nodded in agreement.

"I will lead the invasion," Fireheart declared, his eyes glinting with malice. "With Tigerclaw and Darkstripe by my side, RiverClan will fall."

Tigerclaw, his stripes rippling with anticipation, let out a low growl of approval. "They will rue the day they crossed us."

Darkstripe, his loyalty unwavering, nodded in silent agreement. Together, the four cats plotted their attack, their hearts consumed by the promise of victory and domination.

As the moon rose higher in the sky, the cats of BloodClan and their allies crept through the undergrowth, their eyes fixed on the river ahead. The scent of water and fish filled the air, mingling with the tension that crackled between them.

RiverClan's camp came into view, the sound of splashing water and murmured voices reaching their ears. Fireheart's eyes gleamed with anticipation as he signaled the attack.

With a fierce battle cry, the cats of BloodClan and their allies surged forward, claws unsheathed and fur bristling. RiverClan warriors fought valiantly, their loyalty to their Clan unwavering, but they were no match for the ruthless determination of Scourge and his followers.

Fireheart fought with a ferocity that sent shivers down the spines of his new former clan. He went straight for Crookedstar and sliced his neck causing the Riverclan leader to stumble and go limp. He awakened three more times and was slain by the flame colored Tom three more times.
Tigerclaw's claws tore through fur and flesh, his eyes burning with a thirst for vengeance. Darkstripe, ever loyal to his newfound leader, struck with deadly precision.

The battle raged on, the moonlight illuminating the chaos and bloodshed. RiverClan's warriors fought bravely, but one by one, they fell before the might of BloodClan.

As Leopardfur, called the last of RiverClan's warriors to retreat, defeated and broken, Scourge stood victorious at the edge of the river. His chest heaved with exertion, his claws stained with blood. Fireheart, Tigerclaw, and Darkstripe stood beside him, their eyes filled with triumph.

But as Scourge looked out over the battlefield, a hollow emptiness settled in his chest. The victory tasted bitter on his tongue, for the price of power had been steep. The once proud warriors of RiverClan lay defeated at his paws, their lives lost in the pursuit of his ambition. 'Why am I feeling like this. I didn't get this remorse in Shadowclan. Why now?'

Fireheart approached, a triumphant smile on his face, but Scourge's gaze was distant, haunted by the ghosts of the cats he had slain not just now but from the past. Alas the battle for Shadowclan haunted him back as he sees their silhouettes on the mere corner of his eye, when he turned they disappear but still feel their presence nonetheless.

"We have won," Fireheart declared, his voice filled with pride.

But Scourge shook his head, the weight of his actions heavy upon him. "At what cost?" he whispered, his voice barely audible above the sound of the rushing river.

Fireheart and the others exchanged uneasy glances, their triumph fading in the face of Scourge's doubt.

"We are the rulers now," Tigerclaw insisted, his voice harsh and commanding.

But Scourge turned away, his heart heavy with regret. The moon cast its silver light upon him, illuminating the scars that crisscrossed his body, both seen and unseen.

As BloodClan celebrated their victory, Scourge slipped away into the shadows, his mind corrupted with the knowledge of what he had become. The taste of victory was bitter on his tongue. Just then he felt a little dizzy and his bones began to shiver and fell on the floor and cried out in agony. 'I can't control it!!!'

Then he saw cats form around, and it became clear that the cats surrounding him were dead cats. He saw in unforeseen awe as a voice echoed around the empty clearing. '*It is still not too late to turn back Scourge.'*

"I'll turn back when this is all over." He proclaimed and dashed away from the dead cats.

-

The winds whiskered through the reeds as the RiverClan cats emerged from the shadows, their once-proud fur matted and their eyes filled with defeat. Among them was Leopardfur, a fierce warrior with a proud stance, leading her Clanmates to the ThunderClan camp.

Bluestar, stood at the edge of the clearing, her eyes filled with concern as she watched the approaching cats. As Leopardfur reached her, the RiverClan warrior dipped her head to the Thunderclan leader.

"Bluestar," Leopardfur's voice was heavy with sorrow. "RiverClan

has been taken by Scourge. We come seeking refuge in ThunderClan."

Bluestar's heart clenched at the news, her gaze sweeping over the weary RiverClan cats. Without hesitation, she nodded, her voice filled with determination.

"You are welcome here, Leopardfur. ThunderClan will shelter you and your Clanmates."

As the RiverClan cats settled into their new home within ThunderClan's camp, she noticed that the Riverclan cats were struck with shock as they saw Shadowclan cats huddled together.

Bluestar's heart ached at the sight of the defeated warriors. She knew that if Scourge's reign continued unchecked, no Clan would be safe.

"We will shelter them all," Bluestar declared, her voice carrying across the clearing. "But we must act swiftly to protect WindClan before Scourge reaches them too."

Leopardfur and Bluestar's deputy Whitestorm, exchanged a glance before nodding in agreement. Bluestar called a meeting of her Clan, explaining the dire situation they faced. The cats of ThunderClan listened with solemn expressions, their determination growing with each word.

"We will send a patrol to warn WindClan," Bluestar announced, her eyes blazing with resolve. "They must be prepared to defend themselves against Scourge's tyranny."

As the patrol set out towards WindClan territory, Spottedleaf, watched with a heavy heart. The weight of the refugees' plight, coupled with the fear of Scourge's relentless advance, tormented her soul.

She tried to remember Scourge that she once knew, Tiny. He was always there for her when she needed someone to talk to, or have fun with. But now, it's different. He was right. He wasn't that cat anymore. He's a monster, a killer, yet she feared for him and their

future kits.

"StarClan, help us," she whispered, her voice barely above a breath. "Give us both the strength to face this darkness."

Giving in, she drifted off into deep slumber. A gentle breeze rustled through the leaves, and Spottedleaf felt a presence beside her. It was Yellowfang, the former ThunderClan medicine cat, her eyes filled with wisdom.

"Spottedleaf, you carry a heavy burden," Yellowfang's voice was soothing, a balm to Spottedleaf's troubled soul. "But remember, even in the darkest of times, there is light. Trust in your heart, and you will find the strength you seek."

Spottedleaf dipped her head to the former Thunderclan cat. "Thank you Yellowfang, I'll forever be grateful for your words."

Chapter 16

(Bruv no way more than 1k ppl thinks this is cool to read. Oh well all I can say is... let's make this crack ship bigger than ScourgeCinder!!!)

Day 3:

The alleys of Twolegplace were cloaked in darkness, the moon hidden behind thick clouds. Scourge, prowled the streets with a haunted look in his eyes. His sleek black fur seemed to blend with the shadows, a ghostly reminder of his past, present, and future.

Ever since he proclaimed war to the clans, memories plagued Scourge's mind like relentless shades of violet. The blood, the screams, the taste of victory tainted by the bitter taste of fear. He had emerged victorious, but at what cost?

Night after night, Scourge's dreams were haunted by the 'past.' He would wake in a cold sweat, his heart pounding in his chest. The scent of blood filled his nostrils, and the screeching battle cries rang in his ears.

His once confident demeanor began to falter, replaced by moments of intense paranoia and fear. Every rustle in the shadows, every unfamiliar scent, sent him into a frenzy of panic.

As Scourge paced the alleyways, his mind tormented by memories, he heard a voice behind him. Whirling around, his claws unsheathed, he was met with the gaze of a small kit, eyes wide with fear.

"Scourge," the kit's voice was barely a whisper, filled with uncertainty. "Are you okay?"

The question struck a chord within Scourge, a surge of emotion washing over him. He saw the fear reflected in the kit's eyes, and he realized that he had become the very thing he had once despised—a

source of terror and intimidation.

"No," Scourge's voice was barely above a whisper, his eyes filled with a mixture of anguish and regret. "No, I'm not okay."

The kit approached cautiously, its small form trembling. "What happened to you, Scourge? You used to be so strong."

Scourge sank to his haunches, his shoulders slumped with the weight of his memories. "I thought I was strong," he murmured, his voice barely audible. "But the battle... the blood... Spottedleaf... they haunt me." The mere random thought tracing back to Spottedleaf only saddened his proud demeanor.

The kit hunched its back as it grinned at Scourge. "Good... It's what you deserve."

Scourge watched in horror as the kit grew thicker and darker, its body expanding and contorting into a monstrous shape. Fangs grew from its jaws, and the once-innocent eyes gleamed with a vicious intelligence.

The dog lunged at Scourge and gripped him with its teeth. The small tom couldn't move and couldn't speak before he blinked twice and noticed that he was back in his makeshift den and watched as Bone stared at him bewildered. "You alright boss?"

Scourge glanced on either side before getting up to stretch his legs. "I'm fine." He said distastefully and shoved him aside.

He looked up to see the pale sky just beginning to arise. Remnants of his dream still lingered. His dreams mostly relived the battles against ShadowClan and RiverClan, the bloodshed and cries of pain echoing in his ears. But what troubled him most was the nagging feeling that WindClan was next on his list. 'I hope one day you can forgive me for this Spottedleaf.'

Pushing aside his unease, Scourge rose to his paws with a determined gleam in his eyes. The thought of conquering WindClan filled him with a sense of twisted excitement, the desire for power burning within him like a fierce flame.

Fireheart and Tigerclaw, along with Bone and Darkstripe became his most loyal and ruthless deputies, awaited him outside his den. Their eyes discreet with a fierce loyalty that sent a shiver down Scourge's spine. Although the three Thunderclan had just been with him for one battle, Bone was with him through thick and thin, brothers in arms.

"WindClan is our next target," Scourge declared, his voice filled with a chilling determination. "We will strike at dawn."

Fireheart, Tigerclaw, and Bone nodded in agreement, their faces masked in shadows. Together, they began to plot and plan, their minds filled with visions of conquest and domination.

As the sun rose on the horizon, Scourge led his bloodthirsty warriors towards WindClan territory. The wind whipped through the open moors, carrying the scent of heather and prey. But to Scourge, it carried the scent of victory.

Creeping in through the meadow, blending their pelts to the dry grassy moors, Scourge lifted his tail in silence and watched as two warriors guarded the entrance.

"So what do ya think my kits names be?"

"How should I know? I'm not birthing any."

"Huh, I should have known better than start a conversation with your diabolical self Mudclaw."

"That's a nice way of putting it."

Scourge called his paw up in the air. "Steady..... NOW!"

Catching the warriors by surprise the in sync howls of Bloodclan rang through Scourges ears as the begins.

The battle was fierce and unforgiving, WindClan warriors fighting with all their strength to defend their home. But Scourge and his deputies were relentless, their claws sharp and deadly as they cut through their enemies.

Windclan was still weak from their journey which made them light work to fight off. He set his eyes on the leader Tallstar who was limping helplessly before being taken by Fireheart and helped Scourge as he grabbed the old leader's neck and gave the final kill.

Then, another warrior lunged at Fireheart pinning him to the moor ground.
"How could you! I thought we were friends once!"

Fireheart narrowed his eyes at Onewhisker and grinned with a smile so similar to Scourge. "Once."

Fireheart, instead of using his hind legs to kick him, he scrapped his pelt thoroughly causing the young warrior to gag and almost collapse on top of Fireheart before he smacked him with one paw to the side. Onewhisker tried to cough out another word but failed and died helplessly.

As the last of the Windclan warriors fled before Scourge's relentless advance, and very few scampered away, Fireheart stepped forward, a cruel smile twisting his features.

"Scourge, the moors belong to Bloodclan now." Fireheart declared, his voice cold and triumphant.

"It also belongs to us now as the other territories." The fire Tom sneered.

"What are you babbling about?" Scourge said with a flabbergasted expression, ears twitching.

Scourge could only stare, fur bristling as he looked at Tigerclaw and Darkstripe sat on either side of him. 'So they have been planning this all along. Why did I not see that?!? It's as plain as a chill in the morning.'

"You dare betray me?" Scourge's voice filled with rage and anguish, his claws now unsheathed.

Fireheart only laughed, a twisted sound that echoed around the moors. "I have no use for a weak leader like you, Scourge. We all saw you having the mental breakdown of the century last night,

Bloodclan needs a true warrior at its helm."

It was then that Bone came to stand at his leader's side. "You can't take his clan! If you want to kill him go through me first!"

Scourge stared at his deputy in disbelief. "Bone this is unnecessary I have this."

Bone looked back at Scourge. "No you don't, you need to go to Thunderclan the last clan to stand and warn them of Fireheart and Bloodclan."

"You would die." Scourge said determined.

Bone sighed. "I know."
Scourge took a step back before accepting his deputy's choice and bowed his head to Bone one last time and dashed out of the moors.

Bone glanced at Scourge one last time and back at Fireheart with fury in his eyes. "Like I said, you're gonna have to get through me."

Fireheart stared at him expressionless before gesturing his tail at Tigerclaw. "Very well. Tigerclaw."

With a fierce roar Tigerclaw leaped at Bone, their claws meeting in a deadly dance. Scourge could hear the roaring of the two fighting and tried to hold back his tears. Bone was like a brother he never had, and now he's gone.

It became true when Bone fell before Tigerclaw's onslaught, the life fading from his eyes. Bone's death waved in Scourges soul, a devastating blow that left him reeling.

"Should we track Scourge down?" Tigerclaw questioned Fireheart.

Fireheart scrunched his shoulders. "No let him go, they'll all be dead in the end anyway."

Tigerclaw gave a grunting huff before shoving Fireheart down and leaned over his ear. "Remember that I joined your little sceem so I could gain control of the clans. Remember what you said?"

Fireheart rolled his eyes as he slipped away from Tigerclaw's grasp. "Yes, that you'll own the forest while I rule twolegplace I know cause I said."

Tigerclaw nodded before stocking off to confront their new clan and territory.

-

The air in ThunderClan camp was heavy with tension as the WindClan refugees arrived, their weary forms carrying the weight of terror. Spottedleaf watched with a heavy heart as they settled among the ThunderClan cats, their presence a stark reminder of the looming threat of Scourge. 'First Shadowclan, then Riverclan, now Windclan, Scourge when will enough be enough.' She wailed inside.

The dappled she-cat's thoughts were consumed by anguish and worry. The defeat of WindClan at the paws of BloodClan was a harsh blow, and she knew ThunderClan was next.

Scourge's relentless advance left no Clan untouched, and she feared for the safety of her own Clanmates. The patrol that was sent to warn Windclan of the invasion had yet to return and Tigerclaw's group who were meant to spy on Scourge and his clan also haven't come back. Riverclan and Windclan stated they saw them fight along with Bloodclan with Fireheart being the most prominent.

Amidst the chaos of the camp, Spottedleaf found herself lost in her thoughts, her heart heavy with the weight of her kits uncertain future. Even though she aquatinted with Bluestar about them, her clanmates didn't know and most definitely Scourge didn't. She thought that he wouldn't have gone to do any of this if he stayed a moon longer, but even a moon ago she didn't know herself.

Spottedleaf decided that a good nap would suffice before she heard a growl of her name called outside and made her tremble when she walked out of her den. Leopardfur of RiverClan, Deadfoot of WindClan, and Russetfur of ShadowClan stood beside their fellow refugees, their expressions a mix of disbelief and anger.

"Spottedleaf, care to explain?" Leopardfur's voice was filled with

betrayal, her fur bristling with anger.

Spotted took a step back. "Explain what?"

Russetfur stepped forward, her eyes blazing with fury. "You carry the kits of our enemy, the cat who has driven us from our homes?"

Deadfoot gaze was filled with sorrow as he spoke, his voice barely above a whisper.
"Spottedleaf, how can we trust you now?"

Spottedleaf lowered her head, her heart heavy with guilt and shame. She had never intended for this to happen, but fate had intervened in ways she could not have foreseen. Bluestar padded in front of them, lowering her head. "They started to grew weary Spottedleaf. Forgive me, but I had to."

Before she could respond back, Bluestar's voice cut through the tumultuous air.
"Cats of ThunderClan, and our honored guests," Bluestar's voice was firm yet soothing, commanding attention. "I understand your shock and anger, but now is not the time for division. We must stand united against the true enemy—Scourge."

The camp fell silent as Bluestar continued, her words carrying the weight of authority. "Spottedleaf's kits may be a product of unfortunate circumstances, but they are still ThunderClan. We must remember our values of compassion and loyalty."

Leopardfur, Russetfur, and Deadfoot exchanged uneasy glances, their anger slowly giving way to a sense of unity. Bluestar's words resonated with them, reminding them of the strength found in unity.

"We are stronger together," Bluestar continued, her gaze sweeping over the assembled cats. "Scourge seeks to divide us, to sow chaos and fear. But we will not succumb to his darkness. Together, we will stand as one Clan."

A glistening sense of determination filled the air as the cats of ThunderClan and the refugees from ShadowClan, RiverClan, and

WindClan nodded in agreement. They may have been driven from their homes, faced with unexpected challenges, but they would face them together.
Just as the sense of unity settled over the camp, a chilling presence filled the gorse tunnel entrance.

"You don't have to wait to be one any longer look who lingered around alone." One of the patrol warriors mewed.
Spottedleaf gasped as she saw her once forgotten love. *Scourge.*

Chapter 17

[image]

(Terribly rushed art by meˆ)

"Why did you bring *him* here?"

"We should kill him while we still have the chance!"

The clans spiral into a massive state of chaos and collapse. As the moon hung low and silver over the devastated clearing, Spottedleaf stood at the edge of the gathered clans, her heart heavy with sorrow and unease. The once proud and thriving camps of ThunderClan, WindClan, RiverClan, and ShadowClan were now reduced to scattered groups of bewildered cats, all brought low by the ruthless actions of Scourge.

Spottedleaf had known Scourge before he became the merciless leader of BloodClan. In those days, he had been just a curious kit wandering in the forest, seeking solace and affection. She had offered him the same in return, believing she could guide him towards a better path. But that hope seemed naive now, shattered by the bloodshed he had wrought upon the forest clans.

Standing amidst the somber assembly, Spottedleaf observed Scourge from a distance. He glanced in her direction occasionally, but his gaze lingered more on Bluestar, the steadfast leader of ThunderClan. Spottedleaf's heart clenched with bitterness; despite carrying his kits within her, he showed no recognition or concern for her swollen belly.

Scourge approached Bluestar with an air of calculated confidence. His voice, cold and resonant, cut through the tense silence of the night. "Bluestar, please hear what I have to say."

Bluestar flicked her ear indicating him to press on. "It has something to do with Starclan. I believe that I started this war, and

I am the one to end it." He proclaimed, his words ringing ominously in the stillness.

Bluestar however was still not convinced, however Deadfoot was the one to mew "How do we know this isn't one of your schemes to make us back down."

Scourge gave the Windclan deputy a nod of acknowledgment before replying back. "I understand that my twisted ambitions brought turmoil to everyone not just myself. The path to be something greater clouded my moral judgment. This..." He paused to shift back to Bluestar, "This isn't what moonflower would want."

Bluestar's eyes widened in realization, a spark of hope lighting up her weary features. 'Just as water smothers fire and cools the ground, so will the blood of an enemy end the war of wars.' She called upon the deputies of each clan, summoning them to her side along with the revered old warriors. Together, they formed a circle, their heads bowed in solemn contemplation.

Spottedleaf watched from afar, torn between duty and personal turmoil. She knew the prophecy carried weight, its implications dire yet tantalizingly hopeful. But her thoughts kept drifting to the kits she carried, a burden she will bear for as long as she lived.

As the clans deliberated under the moon's watchful gaze, Spottedleaf felt a chill run down her spine. The future of their territories hung in precarious balance, and amidst the chaos, her own destiny intertwined with that of her unborn kits and the uncertain path ahead..

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In the heart of the once Windclan camp, where the shadows danced with the flickering light of the moon, Fireheart sat perched on a fallen log, his green eyes gleaming with a chilling determination. Around him, the whispered murmurs of Tigerclaw and Darkstripe mingled with the restless shuffling of rogues and BloodClan cats, their silhouettes blending into the night like specters of doom.

"ThunderClan stands in our way," Tigerclaw growled, his voice a

low rumble that echoed through the clearing. "We should strike now, swiftly and decisively."

Fireheart shook his head slowly, his mind already racing with a more intricate plan. "No, Tigerclaw. A swift battle would be over too quickly. Where's the fun in that?"

Darkstripe scoffed, his fur bristling with impatience. "Fun? We're not here for fun, Fireheart. We're here to claim what's rightfully ours."

"Patience, Darkstripe," Fireheart replied calmly, his gaze fixed on the distant glow of ThunderClan's campfire through the trees. "Bluestar is proud. She won't surrender easily. But she's also wise."

Tigerclaw's eyes narrowed, catching on to Fireheart's line of thought. "You're suggesting we give them an ultimatum."

Fireheart nodded slowly, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Exactly. We'll give Bluestar a choice. Leave the forest, never to return, or face the consequences."

The plan began to take shape in Fireheart's mind like a dark masterpiece. He would approach ThunderClan's leader with a facade of reason, masking the threat that loomed behind him in the form of BloodClan and Tigerclaw's warriors.

"And if they refuse?" Tigerclaw asked, his voice thick with anticipation.

Fireheart's smile widened. "Then we show them the might of our alliance."

Under the cover of night, Fireheart led the march towards ThunderClan's territory, his heart thrumming with a mixture of excitement and anticipation. As they reached the edge of ThunderClan's clearing, Fireheart signaled with his tail for his companions to halt.

"Stay here," Fireheart instructed Tigerclaw and the others, his voice a low murmur barely carried on the wind. "Let me handle this."

With steady steps, Fireheart emerged from the shadows, his figure cutting a striking silhouette against the moonlit backdrop. He approached ThunderClan's camp with a deliberate calmness, his green eyes meeting Bluestar's with unwavering resolve. His gaze fell upon Scourge who was being guarded by 5 warriors surrounding him, Fireheart gave nothing but a nod of appreciation to which Scourge responded back with a hiss. 'So much for being leader, isnt that right Scourge?' He thought.

He glanced back at the Thunderclan leader and gave a shallow sigh. "Bluestar," Fireheart began, his voice carrying across the clearing with a chilling clarity. "We have come to offer you a choice."

Bluestar regarded him with a mixture of weariness and defiance, her fur bristling at the sight of BloodClan lurking in the shadows all around the camp. "What choice could you possibly offer, Fireheart?"

"You can leave this forest," Fireheart continued, his tone eerily polite. "Gather your clan and depart within three days, never to return. Or..."

Fireheart's gaze flickered towards the encroaching figures of BloodClan, their eyes gleaming with an unspoken threat.

"Or we will have no choice but to remove you ourselves," Fireheart finished, his voice taking on a steel edge that seems to send a shiver down Bluestar's spine.

Bluestar hesitated, torn between her pride and the safety of her clan. She glanced back at her warriors and warriors of the other warriors their faces reflecting the uncertainty and fear that gnawed at her own heart.

"Three days," Fireheart repeated softly, his voice now carrying a note of finality. "That is all you have to decide."

Fireheart stood in the middle of the clearing, his fiery gaze fixed on Bluestar. Her eyes, once filled with the wisdom of countless moons, now held only sorrow and betrayal. She looked so small, so defeated, after he issued his ultimatum.

Before Bluestar could respond, a shadow emerged from the underbrush. Tigerclaw, his massive frame bristling with barely contained fury, strode up to Fireheart. "This is a waste of time," Tigerclaw hissed, his yellow eyes narrowing. "You should be leading the clan, not driving them out. Let me take over."

Bluestar's heart broke at the sight of her once-loyal deputy turning against her. She turned her devastated gaze to Tigerclaw, her voice trembling. "What do you have to say for yourself, Tigerclaw? How could you betray your clan?"

Tigerclaw sneered, a cold smile playing on his lips. "From the moment Fireheart joined the clan, I saw potential. I guided him, shaped him, made him into the warrior he is today. But even I can see that forcing you all out of the forest is too much work. I would rather have you as my warriors, serving under my command."

Fireheart's eyes blazed with anger. "I have no use for you, Tigerclaw," he snarled. Without giving the larger tom a chance to respond, Fireheart lunged. His claws flashed in the dim light, and he struck Tigerclaw with ruthless precision. Tigerclaw yowled in pain as Fireheart's claws raked across his face, blinding him in an instant.

A pool of blood quickly formed on the ground as Fireheart stood over Tigerclaw's mutilated form. The former deputy lay still, his once fierce eyes now dark and empty.

Bluestar watched in horror, her legs trembling beneath her. Fireheart turned away from the gruesome scene, his heart hardened by his ambition. Without a backward glance, he padded out of the forest, leaving behind the chaos and betrayal he had wrought.

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Scourge lay in the center of the camp, flanked by cats from various clans, their eyes never leaving him. The weight of their stares pressed down on him, but it was the burden of his own thoughts that truly suffocated him. Shame gnawed at his heart, a relentless reminder of the path he had walked.

He thought back to when he first met Spottedleaf, back when she was an eager apprentice named Spottedpaw. Her eyes had shone with a light he had never seen before, full of hope and promise. They had shared quiet moments, spoke of their dreams and futures that now seemed like a lifetime ago. But their bond was torn apart by Thistleclaw and his brutish apprentice, Tigerpaw. The memory of that time filled Scourge with a bitter taste, a mixture of regret and resentment.

After their separation, Scourge had found himself in the harsh world of the Twolegplace. It was a land of survival, where every day was a battle for food and safety. It was there, amidst the concrete and chaos, that he had forged himself into Scourge, leader of BloodClan and his deputy Bone. He built his empire from the ground up, only to have it torn away by Fireheart. The humiliation of that defeat still burned, the memory of losing everything to the paws of a forest cat seared into his mind.

Now, he lay captive, with Tigerclaw, blinded and broken, a pitiful shadow of the cat who once tormented him, nearby. Bluestar had retreated to her den, he heard his guards murmur of her tears. The camp was a hive of tension and uncertainty.

"I need to be checked by a medicine cat," Scourge finally said, his voice steady despite the turmoil inside him.

One of the guards, a stern-faced warrior from WindClan, sneered. "Anyone but Spottedleaf."

Scourge's heart skipped a beat, but he kept his expression neutral. "I never specified Spottedleaf," he replied calmly.

The guard's eyes narrowed, and the other cats exchanged knowing glances. "You didn't have to. We know why you want to see her."

Scourge felt a jolt of shock. "What are you talking about?"

The WindClan warrior smirked. "You want to see the cat you impregnated. Everyone here knows your secrets, Scourge."

For once, words failed him. He stared at his guards, dumbfounded.

His past, his secrets, had caught up with him in ways he could never have anticipated.

'She's pregnant?!?'

Chapter 18

Scourge anxiously shivered restlessly within the confines of his guards, the flickering shadows cast by the moonlight playing tricks on his eyes. He needed to see Spottedleaf, the urgency gnawing at him. The guards, stony and resolute, barred his way.

"Let me pass," Scourge demanded, his voice a low growl. "I must see Spottedleaf. She carries my future."

The guards, loyal to a fault, stood their ground. "You know the rules, Scourge," one of them replied. "Ain't going no where."

A frustrated hiss escaped Scourge's throat. "Rules be damned. If it were you, would you not wish to see the mother of your kits?"

The guards exchanged uneasy glances but did not relent. Just then, a distant, blood-chilling cry pierced the night. The camp stirred with the sounds of chaos and battle. The rogues of BloodClan had launched a surprise attack.

"Fireheart gave us three days!" Longtail's voice rang out, a mix of shock and anger.

Scourge's ears perked up at the sound of panicked yowling coming from the direction of the medicine den. Ignoring the shouts of his guards, he bolted towards the den, heart pounding with fear and anticipation. Inside, he found Spottedleaf writhing in pain.

"Scourge! the kits... they're coming!" Spottedleaf gasped, her eyes wide with a mixture of pain and relief.

Scourge's eyes widened. "You kept this from me-".

"Shut up and get me a stick!" she panted, her body tensing with another contraction.

Scourge's mind raced. He was about to turn for a stick that was oddly in the corner of the den and padded to it when Tigerclaw, seemingly unaffected by his lack of sight, lunged at him. Despite Tigerclaw's ferocity, Scourge quickly gained the upper paw, and quickly dodged Tigerclaw's blows. Scourge circled Tigerclaw, his icy blue eyes gleaming with confidence. Tigerclaw's once fierce amber gaze now stared blankly ahead, unseeing but not helpless. His ears flicked at every sound, every rustle made underfoot.

Scourge darted in, claws unsheathed. Tigerclaw whirled, his powerful muscles rippling under his tabby pelt. He lashed out, his claws grazing Scourge's side. Scourge hissed, feeling the sting, but he didn't back down.

"You're strong, but you can't hit what you can't see," Scourge taunted, his voice a low growl.

Tigerclaw snarled, his teeth bared. "I don't need to see to know where you are."

The battle raged on, a blur of fur and claws. Scourge was fast, darting in and out, his blows precise. Tigerclaw, though blinded, was a formidable opponent, relying on his instincts and acute hearing. He managed to land several blows, each one driving Scourge back a step.

But Scourge was relentless. He waited for the perfect moment, a split second when Tigerclaw was slightly off balance. With a ferocious yowl, Scourge leapt, his claws extended. He struck Tigerclaw's exposed flank with all his strength, sending the larger cat crashing to the ground.

"You've lost, Tigerclaw," Scourge hissed. "You will remember me you hear? YOU WILL REMEMBER ME!" With a swift motion, he slashed open Tigerclaw's flank, leaving the once formidable warrior incapacitated.

A strange sense of liberation washed over Scourge, but it was short-lived. Spottedleaf's agonized yowl snapped him back to reality (ope there goes gravity). He rushed to her side, a rare glimmer of fear in his eyes.

Bluestar burst into the den, breathless. "We've driven them out, but —" Her words trailed off as she took in the scene, her eyes softening as she saw Spottedleaf in labor.

Scourge, desperate for guidance, turned to Bluestar. "What do I do?"

Bluestar seemed to understand his turmoil. "She needs certain herbs and support. Stay by her side."

The night wore on, filled with the sounds of battle outside and Spottedleaf's labored breathing within. Finally, the first kit arrived, a tiny bundle of black fur with a white chest. The second, a grey tabby, and the third, a tortoiseshell, followed shortly after. Scourge stared in disbelief, a strange mix of pride and vulnerability washing over him.

"I can't believe they're mine," he murmured, his voice tinged with awe. "I won't be like my father. I'll be here for them, always."

He felt a newfound resolve, a determination to be a better father. He's even considering moving to the queens' den to be closer to his kits. Spottedleaf, exhausted but relieved, looked up at him.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," she said softly.

Scourge shook his head, a rare smile touching his lips. "Don't worry about it. We'll raise them together."

Spottedleaf looked down at her kits at the dense black-and white chested she-cat, and pointed her tail over her muzzle. "She should be Ebonykit for her fur."

When Spottedleaf noticed that scourge hadn't said anything for a whirl she glanced back up at him and he was merely scared straight. "If I knew about my kits I would have never thought to invade the clans in the first place." He looked at her amber eyes as he muttered. "I'm sorry... Im sorry that I wasn't here sooner." He mewed, gazing down in shame.

Spottedleaf shifted her paw to his white paw. "Well you're here now. And that's all what matters right now." He looked back at her eyes again and she nodded with an affectionate smile, she gazed

down at the grey tabby she-cat. "What would be her name?"

Scourge thought for a while. Seeing the grey kit's features, she seemed to be the biggest of the bunch and already her eyes began to open. "Scourge! She has your eyes." Spottedleaf excitedly mewed glancing back Scourge and to her kit again.

The grey kit's eyes were wise as him, she seemed that she already was born to be leader. To Scourge this was easy. "Sagekit."

Spottedleaf nodded her head repeating the name Scourge gave her as if it was a breath of a fresh green leaf. She pointed to the tortoise-shell Tom who had the same markings as his mother but more reddish brown and his eyes were a brighter amber. "And him?"

He was the smallest of the litter to which Scourge already felt a deep connection already for his son. "Rustkit, since he already looks to be the most skillful of the bunch." He hoarsely mewed.

"Ebonykit, Sagekit, and Rustkit. I love them Scourge and I love you too." She reached for his muzzle and both touched noses before gazing back down at their kits.

Unbeknownst to them Bluestar was still in the entrance still seemingly hurt by the love stricken mates. A sense of calmness settled over the den, broken only by the arrival of another cat at the entrance. "Ah good the more the merrier." He sneered.

Bluestar turned to defend the mates to from the cooperate. She snarled his name as if it was distasteful crowfood.

"Brokenstar."

He snarled back. "Bluestar."

They both lunged at each other, fighting for control, over dominance, over their self made legacy that it all seems to blur into one. After all, one win stand firm and the other will fall.

Bluestar is on her last life.

SCOURGEXSPOTTED THEME SONG!!!

Ngl now thinking about it, this was 100% unnecessary but it was fun to bring the 'band' (if you can call it that) back together to make it.

Told them I wanted to do a kind of acoustic song cover and they say why? So I simply said "cause I want to." And now we're here, making a song to a crack ship which they have no idea of.

It sounds boring rn cause it's only a demo and in the end it will sound more punk rock for the extended version. If you're into punk. We just have to see.

Kind of ironic that this is the first time the lyrics aren't dark like what I usually do. And I should also mention, when I start off a demo, I use ai to voice over my singing voice cause it I need to figure out the singing choreography. Also I'm that insecure with my vocal 'talent.' So if you wonder why the audio sounds weird that's why.

Enjoy!

Silent Story

[There should be a GIF or video here. Update the app now to see it.]

Lyrics:

In shadows we both reside
Our love's a secret call

It thrives where no light shines
A dream we can't recall
[Chorus]
In this silent story
Of forbidden glory
Whispers tell the tale
That love will never fail

We steal moments in the night
Where stars align our souls
In the cover of twilight
Our hearts find what they stole
[Chorus]
In this silent story
Of forbidden glory
Whispers tell the tale
That love will never fail

Chapter 19

(A/N: We've come a long way and now here we are)

"Scourge protect your kits, I'll drive off Brokenstar." Bluestar commanded while having the rogue Shadowclan leader pinned outside the medicine den.

Bluestar stood her ground, muscles tense, eyes narrowed into cold, focused slits. Before her, Brokenstar snarled, claws unsheathed, his broad frame blocking the narrow path that led towards the nursery. His fur bristled with hostility, and behind him, the rogues of BloodClan steadily howled in the distance, their attack relentless despite the chaos in the camp.

"You won't touch the kits," Bluestar growled, stepping forward, her body shielding the den. Her tail lashed, brushing the den entrance as if to protect it with every fiber of her being. Inside, Spottedleaf huddled close to her newborns while Scourge shielded her, the scent of milk mingling with the sharp stench of fear.

Brokenstar smirked, his amber eyes gleaming with malice. "You can't stop me, Bluestar. You may have driven off my rogues, but it's like chasing your own tail, our fight will go on forever."

Bluestar's heart pounded, her breath steady despite the swirling terror in the camp. "You've been defeated once before, Brokenstar. Don't think for a moment you can tear down everything we've built, especially when all of the clans are here."

Brokenstar lunged forward, claws slashing at her with all the strength of a seasoned tyrant. Bluestar darted to the side, just avoiding the blow. She spun and delivered a sharp swipe to his muzzle, drawing blood. Brokenstar roared in fury, his massive form rearing up to strike again.

"These kits will never be safe with you alive!" Brokenstar spat, his breath hot and furious. "How much will you sacrifice before you

realize it's all for nothing!"

Thinking back to her lost kits all those moons ago, struck Bluestar like a blow to the heart, but she wouldn't fall too easily. She let the pain fuel her, sharpening her resolve. "These kits will have the future to live on. I couldn't ask for more." she declared, blocking his next strike with her shoulder before launching herself into his flank.

The two leaders clashed fiercely, a whirlwind of fur and claws. Bluestar's body moved with precision and grace, despite her age. She slashed and dodged, her breath coming in ragged bursts as she fought to keep Brokenstar from breaking through.

But the mangled Tom was powerful, every blow heavy with vengeance. As Bluestar deflected his strikes, she noticed he wasn't just fighting with brute strength—there was cunning in his movements. He was deliberately pushing her away from the den, forcing her onto less familiar ground.

Bluestar's paws hit the dirt harder as she adjusted her stance, trying to angle herself back towards the nursery. But Brokenstar pressed forward, his eyes gleaming with predatory triumph.

"You can't win this time," Brokenstar growled, swinging at Bluestar with a brutal strike that sent her staggering back, gasping for breath.

Bluestar snarled, regaining her footing. "I don't need to win alone," she hissed.

Suddenly, a cry from the other side of the clearing pierced the air. A familiar voice, sharp with command, reflected through the camp. "BloodClan is retreating!" Leopardfur's call reverberated across the battlefield.

Brokenstar's eyes flickered with a brief moment of hesitation, and Bluestar seized the opportunity. She lunged at him with all her remaining strength, her claws raking across his side. Brokenstar howled in fury as he tumbled back, scrambling to regain his balance.

But Bluestar didn't let up. She pushed him further, away from the nursery and out into the open where the rest of the clan cats were regrouping. The battle seemed to be turning in ThunderClan's favor.

Brokenstar hissed, blood dripping from his wounds. "This isn't over, Bluestar. You can't keep them safe forever."

Before she could respond, Brokenstar whirled around and fled, his injured form disappearing into the shadows beyond the camp. Bluestar stood still for a moment, panting heavily, before turning back towards the nursery. Relief washed over her as she saw the entrance untouched, but the moment of peace was short-lived.

From inside the den, a series of panicked yowls erupted. Bluestar rushed towards the entrance, her heart leaping into her throat. She pushed through the brambles, her eyes quickly adjusting to the dim light within.

There, at the center of the den, stood Scourge, his body tense and alert. Spottedleaf lay behind him, curled protectively around her three newborn kits, still weak from the ordeal of birth.

"Is everything alright." Bluestar meowed determinedly.

"Yes. I believe so." Scourge said slowly almost as if he's out of this world, literally.

Bluestar's gaze darted to the rear of the den, where Tigerclaw lay slumped against the wall, his once-mighty form weakened, his body frail and unmoving. Blood spattered from the wound in his pelt Scourge had inflicted earlier.

"He tried to attack while Spottedleaf was giving birth," Scourge muttered, his voice thick with disgust. "I dealt with him."

Bluestar's mind raced as she looked from Tigerclaw to the kits, her gaze softening. "We've driven the BloodClan rogues away for now, but this is far from over," she said, her tone grave. Her eyes shifted back to Scourge, who was staring down at the tiny bundles of fur nestled beside Spottedleaf.

He still looked uncertain, shaken by the realization that these kits

were his. Bluestar could see the conflict in his eyes—something she herself had struggled with for moons. A leader torn between duty, loyalty, and the unexpected bonds of family.

"Your battle is only beginning, Scourge," Bluestar said softly, drawing his gaze. "Not against your enemies, but with your heart. The path you choose now will shape their future. What will you do?"

Scourge didn't answer immediately. Instead, he crouched down beside Spottedleaf, watching the kits stir in their sleep. His expression softened, the hard edges of his usual cold demeanor melting into something that surprised Bluestar.

For the first time, Scourge looked vulnerable.

"I won't abandon them," Scourge whispered, almost to himself. "No matter what it takes."

Bluestar dipped her head slightly, sensing the gravity of his words. "Then make sure that promise holds true," she said, before stepping back into the moonlight outside...

-

Scourge stood guard over the sleeping forms of Spottedleaf and their newborn kits. His mind swirled with conflicting thoughts. The battle, the unexpected arrival of his kits, and the strange sense of purpose that had gripped him—everything felt new and dangerous in a way he had not experienced before.

He had fought battles, commanded armies of rogues, and crushed enemies without mercy, but standing here now, watching his own flesh and blood stir in the early morning light, he felt something far more terrifying: responsibility.

The peace of the moment was shattered by a commotion outside the den. Scourge's ears twitched, and his muscles tensed. It seemed Spottedleaf also tensed because she was wide awake and curled her tail around her kits tighter. "What's happening now?" She territorially mewed.

All Scourge could do was rest his tail over her tired shoulders. "Everything is fine. If anything, it's probably another scuffle from Fireheart."

This, however did nothing to comfort Spottedleaf. "It troubles me that you're taking all this half-heartedly. It's like you never changed."

Scourge only gave a silent 'hmm' before staring down at Ebonykit, Sagekit, and Redkit. "How are they?"

"They've gone pretty quiet now." She said while gazing softly at the litter. "Honestly, I wouldn't have imagined in a million stars that we would have kits of our own."

Scourge almost said 'even when it was wrong?' But thought otherwise and just plainly mewed, "Neither did I."

Spottedleaf nuzzled Scourge and he awkwardly stretched his neck to lick his mate's muzzle affectionately before he stepped out of the medicine den, only to find Bluestar and the other remnant clan warriors in the clearing, engaged in a tense conversation. Leopardfur eyes were burning with frustration.

"BloodClan gave us three days to leave," She spat through gritted teeth, "but they returned not even a day after. If we don't do something now, they'll take advantage of every inch of mercy before we become fishfood."

Scourge padded closer, his presence immediately drawing the attention of the warriors. Bluestar remained calm, but Leopardfur eyes flashed with suspicion and contempt.

"We don't need more bloodshed," Bluestar replied, her tone measured. "Scourge will ensure that."

Scourge's cold gaze met Leopardfur's. "I never agreed to three days. My rogues will do as they see fit if they feel cornered or threatened. The moment you let them think you're weak, they'll act."

Leopardfur bristled. "You're saying that all of this upheaval and suffering is our fault?"

"I'm saying if your cats can't handle BloodClan," Scourge said slowly, "then perhaps you should consider the alternative."

Leopardfur's claws unsheathed, and Bluestar stepped between them. "Enough!" she snapped, silencing the golden tabby deputy and the white-footed Tom. "Our priority is to maintain peace, not tear each other apart. There are more important matters now."

Scourge didn't respond. His gaze shifted to the medicine den behind him, where his kits lay, helpless and innocent. A strange sensation tugged at him—his instincts as a rogue leader told him to remain detached, that attachment was a weakness, but something deeper within him refused to listen.

Bluestar turned to Scourge, her voice softening. "Your kits need you now more than anything. Perhaps you could keep them in mind before Fireheart and BloodClan launch another attack."

Scourge stiffened at her words. He never expected sympathy from the blue furred leader earlier after her fight with Brokenstar, nor had he thought of his kits as a reason to control his rogues. He glanced over his shoulder at the den, where Spottedleaf still rested.

Before he could respond, movement at the edge of camp caught his eye. A young apprentice raced toward the clearing, breathless and wide-eyed.

"BloodClan is gathering again at the border! They're all around the border!" the apprentice yowled.

Longtail padded to his leader, muscles coiled, ready for action. "We need to go, Bluestar. They're not backing down."

Bluestar nodded gravely but turned to Scourge once more. "This is your fight as much as ours now. Your kits' future depends on the choices you make."

Scourge felt his heart hammer in his chest. He hadn't anticipated such a shift in his own priorities. Was he truly bound to this camp now? Did he owe something to these cats, these warriors, who once were his enemies?

"I'll stop them," Scourge said, his voice low but resolute. He turned to Bluestar. "I'll go to my clan. I'll try to end this. There's no point in more bloodshed."

Bluestar blinked, her gaze softening. "You're doing the right thing, Scourge. They will listen to you."

'I hope you're right.' He hesitantly thought. Scourge said nothing more, dipped his head, and padded out of camp. He didn't have time for doubt as his paws carry him out, his muscles tensed with determination. The Thunderclan camp was a mess of churned earth, scattered herbs, and injured cats. His mind churned with possibilities as he made his way to the outskirts, where his rogues gathered. It was worse than he could imagine, they surrounded the whole Thunderclan camp with some rogues trying to dig holes to get under the camp while others stood guard. The familiar scent of blood and defiance filled his nose. But something was different. His rogues looked tired, uncertain. The fierce, chaotic energy that usually drove them seemed to falter.

His rogues, still loyal despite their weariness, shifted uncomfortably. They looked from Scourge to Fireheart, unsure of where their next command would come from.

"Bloodclan. Listen to what I say now!" Scourge yowled.

"I am your leader," He declared, his voice steady but filled with urgency. "No more fighting. We've lost enough already. I demand you all to stop."

For a moment, it seemed as if his words would sway them. The rogues exchanged hesitant glances, clearly torn. Scourge knew he still had their loyalty, despite the death of Bone. He had always ruled with an iron paw, but his leadership had earned him respect. Now, he appealed to that bond, hoping to prevent more senseless violence.

But before any of them could speak, Fireheart stepped forward, his green eyes flashing with resolve.

"Stand down?" Fireheart scoffed. "This is just the beginning,

Scourge. We gave the remnant clans three days. You've survived the first wave, but tomorrow brings the second. And we'll keep fighting until the third day."

The words struck Scourge's rogues like a blow. Their indecision wavered, replaced by a renewed fear of what was to come. Fireheart's defiance, his willingness to fight for three days straight, had rattled them. And with that, Scourge saw the tide turning against him.

One of the rogues, a lean black tom, hissed lowly. "If we back down now, your new clan will only crush us in the next two days."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the ranks. The promise of two more waves loomed over them like a shadow. 'My new clan?!?' Scourge could see the fear in their eyes—fear of being overpowered, fear of failing Fireheart. They'd fought tooth and claw to survive the first day. Could they really stop now?

"Think about your future," Scourge urged, his voice softening. "Your kits. Your clanmates. I just witnessed my own kits being born today, and I know we all have something worth protecting."

But Fireheart's words had already taken root, spreading doubt. The rogues were no longer listening, too caught up in the looming threat of the next battle. Scourge's heart sank as he watched their loyalty waver.

"You know the deal Scourge," Fireheart continued, his gaze never leaving Scourge. "How about this. Since I still have some civility in me, we're giving you a chance to leave with your lives. You've survived today, but you won't survive the next two."

Scourge's claws dug into the earth. His desire to end the bloodshed clashed with his need to protect his clan. He felt cornered, knowing that his rogues would fight again tomorrow simply because of fear.

"Scourge," one of his old lieutenants growled, stepping forward. "We cannot stop. They pushed us, so we should push back."

Scourge's ice-blue eyes swept over the group. "We're not here to

push. We're here to survive."

One of the rogues, a lanky she-cat with a torn ear, sneered. "Survive? Since when did survival mean bowing to the forest cats? What's gotten into you?"

For a brief moment, Scourge felt the pull of his old self—the ruthless leader who saw weakness as death. But now, with the image of his kits fresh in his mind, his words came out different.

"I've seen what survival without purpose looks like," he said, his voice low and steady. "You fight, you take, and in the end, there's nothing left but the next fight. But I have something now—something that matters more than another scrap of territory."

Murmurs rippled through the rogues, some clearly in disbelief, others in anger. "What happened to you?" the she-cat with the torn ear snarled. "You used to be one of us."

Scourge's claws flexed into the ground, but he held his composure. "I still am," he said softly, though the words felt strange. "But if we keep fighting, there's no future for any of us."

Fireheart sneered. "Your wasting time Scourge, you either be gone or be gone forever."

Before the argument could spiral out of control, another sound rose from the distance—a screech. Scourge's ears twitched, recognizing it instantly. It was coming from the direction of the medicine den. Without thinking, he turned and bolted back toward camp.

As he burst into the den, his breath caught in his throat. Spottedleaf was crouched protectively over the kits, her eyes wild with fear.

"What happened?" Scourge growled, his voice sharper than intended.

Spottedleaf looked up at him, her gaze pleading. "One of the kits... Redkit. He's not breathing."

Scourge froze, the world around him shrinking down to the tiny, unmoving form of his son. For the first time in his life, he didn't

know what to do.

A cat entered the den behind him, but Scourge didn't notice. His eyes were fixed on the tiny life he might lose, and the realization of just how much that mattered hit him like a storm.

He closed his eyes. And opened them again only to be greeted by an all-consuming darkness, thick and heavy, like a comfortless shroud. The world around him is silent—no moonlight spills through the den, in fact there was no den at all. The noise faded away. Spottedleaf was gone. His kits were gone. No faint glow from distant lights. His heart beats steadily, but there's an unsettling weight in the air, as if the very atmosphere is cloaked in uncertainty. Reaching out into the void, his paws grasp at nothing but cold, empty space, the darkness seemingly endless, pressing in from every corner.

Then from behind the black pelted Tom, a cat as light as the brightest star padded up to Scourge.
"I am Shrewpelt and we have chosen you. Scourge of Bloodclan, as leader."

Chapter 20

(A/N: FINAL CHAPTER!!! Thank u to everyone that has read this far, my condolences to those that tried to binge read the entire fanfic.
I'm starting off that I'll take a short break until I have the energy to make a new story. Hopefully by the time I come back this ship would be more popular but one can only dream.

There's multiple stories I'm curious to make especially an evil Jayfeather AU or some what ifs like, what if Starclan was a cat entity instead of cat heaven for warriors. Kind of like a warriors horror fic which sounds like a cool concept.

Again thank you for reading this story whatever it is, idk anymore...)

"Wait don't go Scourge I need you!!!"
Spottedleaf's yowl screeched throughout the camp.

"StarClan, don't let him fall now," she whispered, her voice wavering. "He's changed... he has a future here."

She glanced down at her kits, right when Scourge disappeared in front of her eyes Redkit started breathing again, she was happy but not for long, each of them were a piece of their father. A sigh escaped her lips. She had always trusted in StarClan's guidance, but at that moment, she found herself feeling something close to resentment. StarClan's wisdom, its mercy—where was it now, when she needed it most?
A soft rustling at the entrance of the den pulled her from her thoughts. Bluestar entered, her blue eyes heavy with the upcoming weight of battle. Along with Whitestorm behind her, she approached Spottedleaf quietly, settling beside her in the dim light.

Whitestorm looked around for the black Tom. "Where's Scourge?"

Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she tried to gain her

strength to speak to the senior warrior, her kits scrambling beneath her. "He... he just vanished-out of thin air."

Spottedleaf closed her eyes, turning to Bluestar with a surge of helpless anger welling up inside her. "Why now? Why must he be taken when he's finally fighting for more than just blood and power?"

She could feel her heart racing, a plea rising within her as she cursed StarClan silently. She had devoted herself to the stars, to healing and wisdom, but now all she felt was bitterness. She had never wanted anything more than she wanted this—a life with her kits, and a chance at peace for Scourge.

Bluestar placed her tail gently on Spottedleaf's shoulder. "Spottedleaf," she murmured, her voice calm but laced with sadness. "Sometimes even StarClan cannot stop what must happen."

A shiver ran through Spottedleaf, and she turned her face to Bluestar, her eyes clouded with despair. "Is this the end, Bluestar?" Her voice broke on the last word. "Are we truly at the mercy of fate?"

Bluestar's gaze held a sorrowful wisdom. She shook her head slowly, her expression unreadable. "I don't know," she mewed, her words barely above a whisper. "Sometimes, StarClan's will is beyond even my understanding."

"Starclan took him. They took our only hope for us to live!" Spottedleaf hissed causing her kits to squirm beneath her.

Silence fell over the den, heavy with unspoken fears. The distant sounds of cats pleading to the skies for Starclan's help is just a reminder that the peace they both longed for was slipping farther from reach with each passing moment.

Spottedleaf finally calmed down and looked down at her kits, her heart breaking at the thought that Scourge might never return to see them again. "I feel as if the stars have forsaken us," she murmured, her voice hollow. "What good is StarClan's guidance if they cannot protect us when we need them most?"

Bluestar did not answer immediately. Instead, she looked at the kits curled against Spottedleaf's side, their soft breaths the only comfort in that dark moment.

"Perhaps StarClan's guidance is in what we do, here and now, rather than in what they decide," Bluestar said at last, her voice soft but steady. "You have fought your own battles, Spottedleaf. You've guided and healed. And now... you are a mother. That love is a kind of power, one that even StarClan cannot take from you."

Spottedleaf nodded, but a deep ache lingered in her heart. She had spent her life in service to others, a healer and guide, always holding herself apart from the joys of the world. She had never allowed herself to love—until Scourge. And now, she feared that love would be taken from her before it had the chance to *truly* blossom.

The den grew still, and Bluestar's and Whitestorm's presence was a small comfort, reminding that she was not alone in her suffering. Spottedleaf leaned into Bluestar's warmth, closing her eyes for a brief moment.
"Please, StarClan," she whispered to the den opening above. "Let him come back to me."
But in her heart, she could feel the tremor of uncertainty, the knowledge that even StarClan might not answer.

"Whatever happens Scourge, just remember that I'll always love you. Always."

-

The darkness was painstakingly absolute, a void that seemed to swallow everything. Scourge found himself standing in this inky blackness, like he was stuck deep underwater. Shrewpelt loomed before him, a cat with a dark, sleek pelt that gleamed faintly, as if touched by starlight yet cast in shadow. The cat's gaze was penetrating, ancient, carrying the weight of countless lives. Scourge narrowed his eyes, his claws instinctively unsheathing.

"Who are you?" Scourge demanded, his voice echoing in the vast emptiness.

The stranger took a step closer, his eyes narrowing with a look of disdainful amusement. "I already said. My name is Shrewpelt. I was once a warrior in ThunderClan... long before your time."

Scourge's lip curled. "I don't care about your history. Send me back to the living. My kits and the clans need me."

Shrewpelt tilted his head, his eyes glinting with an otherworldly light. "You've been chosen to lead, Scourge, whether you accept it or not. There are forces greater than even StarClan that demand your obedience."

Scourge bristled, his gaze defiant. "I don't bow to anyone, especially not to some faded warrior who speaks in riddles."

Shrewpelt's expression remained calm, though his eyes flashed with something close to pity. "There is a balance, Scourge. You may not understand now, but you will. You may remember the prophecy yes?"

"No." Scourge snarled.

"Well in short it says that, *just as water smothers fire and cools the ground, so will the blood of an enemy end the war of wars.* It means more than just a clan prophecy. I am here because you've been given a choice—though I warn you, you may regret it."

"Enough of your warnings!" Scourge snapped. "Bring me back. Now."

A faint sigh escaped Shrewpelt, and he gave a slow, almost sorrowful nod. "Very well. But remember, whatever happens, do not say you were not warned."

With a final, chilling gaze, Shrewpelt stepped back, melting into the pitch blackness. The world around Scourge shattered, and he felt himself being pulled, hurled through darkness and into blinding light.

Scourge opened his eyes, his senses flooded by familiar scents—the earthy tang of herbs, the faint warmth of fur, the softness of his kits breathing nearby. He was back in the medicine den. Relief surged

through him, and he exhaled, glancing around to make sure it wasn't another trick.

In the nest before him, his kits lay nestled together. 'They look older than he last seen them and...Redkit!' Scourge trembled in half excitement and relief to see all three kits together. They looked different now—huddled closer, their tiny bodies tense, and their eyes wide and empty, staring past him as though they had witnessed something far beyond their understanding. Redkit, the smallest of the three, was trembling, his tiny form pressed tightly against his siblings.

Scourge crouched beside them, his voice surprisingly gentle. "What's wrong?"

The kits didn't answer, their gaze fixed on something behind him, haunted expressions frozen on their small faces. Their silence sent a chill down his spine, and he turned slowly, dread pooling in his chest.

At the entrance of the den lay Spottedleaf's body, her fur still soft and sleek, yet the blood wound around her neck destroyed the illusion of peacefulness. He knew. The light in her eyes was gone. She was lifeless.

A tremor ran through him, his mind reeling. He couldn't look away, memories flooding him with an unbearable intensity. He saw her as she had been the day they met, her gentle spirit a stark contrast to his hardened heart. He remembered the pain of leaving her behind, the hope and determination when they finally reunited even though at first he felt nothing, and the joy of seeing their kits born just hours ago. Now, all of it—their journey, her warmth, her love—was gone, reduced to this cold, empty shell.

An ache settled deep within him, a sensation he felt only once before. Loss. His gaze softened, and for once, his mind was quiet, his heart stripped bare of any anger or ambition.

He took a step outside the den, but the sight that met him froze him in place.

The camp was a graveyard. Bodies of the remaining clans and BloodClan warriors lay scattered across the clearing, their lives spent in brutal combat. The stench of blood clinged the air, mingling with the faint rustle of the wind. In the center of it all lay Fireheart's body, his face locked in an expression of surprise, as if he'd seen something at the last moment he could hardly believe.

The world felt like a silent tomb. Scourge's mind spun with the enormity of it all, the violence that had destroyed both sides, leaving him utterly alone.

"Fireheart waited 2 moons for them," came the familiar voice of Shrewpelt, breaking the silence. The spectral warrior stepped forward, his gaze distant but certain. "He let the clan warriors starved to the point of insanity and before they knew it, Fireheart and Bloodclan attacked leaving none alive. Until Starclan came down and struck all of Bloodclan and Fireheart, his soul along with the rogues are left in the dust where they once were."

The purpled collared Tom couldn't take so much in so little time. '2 moons? It has only been a few minutes?!?' It was all too much to take at once. When Scourge didn't answer, Shrewpelt sighed heavily and murmured, "Nothing left to see here. Take your kits, Scourge. It's time to go."

Scourge gazed back at his kits, still huddled in the den at the far side, their eyes wide with the shock of what they had seen. They were all he had left now. He was no longer just a leader or a warrior—he was a father, and his duty was to them.

He took a deep, shaky breath, his mind still reeling from the sight of Spottedleaf's body, from the knowledge that his clan was gone. But he had a choice to make, and for the first time, it was one he could not ignore.

With one last look at the lifeless camp, Scourge bent down, gathered his kits close, and followed Shrewpelt into the unknown

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Scourge gathered his kits close, their small bodies pressing against

him as they looked around the darkened landscape with wide, fearful eyes. His heart felt heavy; he didn't know what awaited them, but he knew they couldn't stay in the desolate remains of their camp any longer.

Ebonykit looked up at him, her innocent gaze filled with confusion. "Where are we going, father?" Her voice was soft, carrying a hint of both curiosity and fear.

Scourge glanced down at her, struggling to keep his voice steady. "I don't know," he admitted. He turned to Shrewpelt, whose presence felt both reassuring and unsettling. "Where are you taking us?"

Shrewpelt's eyes glinted with a strange light. He offered a faint, almost eerie smile. "Beyond your wildest dreams."

Before Scourge could respond, a thick cloud began to swirl around them, rising like mist from the ground and enveloping them in its eerie embrace. He could feel his kits pressing closer to him, their tiny bodies trembling. His own heartbeat quickened, but he remained silent, forcing himself to appear calm for their sake.

The fog thickened, swallowing everything around them. Then, suddenly, they were moving—not walking or running, but gliding, as if they were caught in a river of shadows. The world around them twisted and blurred, and Scourge caught fleeting glimpses of cats in the mist, their faces pale and their eyes glowing with an ethereal light. Some looked familiar, others foreign, but all shared an otherworldly quality that made his fur prickle.

The mist shifted, swirling faster, and soon they were spinning in a whirlpool of light and shadow. Scourge held onto his kits tightly as they tumbled downward, the world spinning around them in a dizzying whirl. Voices churned in his ears—soft voices, laughter, hisses—all blurring together, leaving him disoriented and struggling to make sense of it all.

Then, just as suddenly as it began, the sensation stopped. They plummeted from the mist and fell toward solid ground below. Scourge hit the earth hard, the impact jarring him as he struggled to his paws, his kits clinging to his legs, wide-eyed and frightened.

Shrewpelt stood beside him, completely unshaken, looking around with an almost sheepish expression. "I may have taken a wrong turn. We are probably in the Lake. A gathering even, probably around the time after the fight with Mudclaw from seeing Onewhisker up top and the moon's shadow."

The brown Tom tensed when he saw presumably another cat which Socurge pinpointed to be a short ginger she-cat with a puffy tail.

Scourge narrowed his eyes, bracing himself as he looked around. They were in a clearing, the tall grass swaying gently in the breeze. Shadows pooled around the trees, and the air was thick with tension, as if the very forest held its breath.

Cats that gathered around shouted in disbelief.
"Is that Shrewpaw? He looks so mangled?!"

Socurge stared back at Shrewpelt and he seemed different. His left eye was clouded and his left side and ear was scarred and deformed. Just when things couldn't get weirder cats started to hiss at Scourge.

"That, that collar it's the dreaded cat called Scourge!"

"I thought you killed him Firestar?" A voice said up high.

Then, from above, a familiar voice rang out.

"No. No it can't be, Scourge? I thought you were long dead."

Scourge's gaze shot upward, and his heart lurched. Perched high in the branches of an ancient oak was Fireheart, his amber eyes cold and unyielding. But this Fireheart looked different—his fur was sleek, his expression more powerful and wise, as if he had shed his earthly form and taken on something far more formidable. Around him, other cats sat in the branches, their eyes gleaming down at Scourge with a mix of disbelief and hostility.

The kits looked up at Scourge confusingly. Sagekit probed his white paw, "father what does he mean? You seem alive to me."

Scourge's claws unsheathed instinctively as he met Fireheart's gaze,

the shock mingling with a rush of anger and confusion. This was impossible. He had seen his lifeless body lying in the center of the battlefield. Yet here he was, as real as the grass beneath Scourge's paws.

Shrewpelt's voice broke the silence, calm yet tinged with a strange satisfaction. "Welcome, Scourge... to the place beyond your world's stars. A realm where even death does not mean the end."

(To be continued...)